McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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FOUR BOYS PERISH IN BURNING BARN.

Terrible Holocaust at Rasselas Yesterday Afternoon.

HAY CAUGHT FIRE IN SOME MANNER.

The Little Victims Had Been Playing In Haymow—A Wagon Loaded With Hay Was Driven Into the Building and Soon Burst Into Flames—It Was Backed Out, But not In Time to Leave a Means of Escape for the Boys—Horse Was Also Burned to Death.

This morning's Era says: Four boys, ranging from five to 12 years of age were cremated in a fire which destroyed the farm barn of John Adams, located near Rasselas, Pa., yesterday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock. Their charred remains were later found in the ruins. The dead:

Joseph Adams, aged 5 years.
Michael Adams, aged 9 years.
John Adams, Jr., aged 12 years.
Michael Bosik, Jr., aged 10 years.

The Adams boys were sons of the owner of the farm where the fire took place. Michael Bosik, Jr., was the son of Michael Bosik, a farmer and neighbor of the Adamses.

It was haying time on the Adams farm and the father of the three first named lads, with an older son, were engaged in hauling hay from a field to the barn. The four smaller boys were in the hay loft when a load entered the barn. Before the work of unloading had fairly begun, it was discovered that the hay on the wagon, from some unknown cause was in flames.

Mr. Adams quickly backed the loaded wagon out of the barn, but this had communicated to the partly filled hay mow. The large load of hay, in being backed out of the barn, shut off the only means of the boys to escape from the blazing barn loft. While the father and his son frantically tried to rescue the four boys, they perished in the flames which destroyed the barn, together with its contents. A horse also was a victim of the flames.

John Adams and his son were considerably burned in their vain efforts to rescue the boys.

A number of other children including an Adams girl, were playing on the barn floor but they escaped.

The supposition is that the boys were either smoking or playing with matches in the hay mow when the fire started.

The barn, which was about 50 by 80 feet in dimensions and of substantial construction, was totally destroyed.

So rapidly did the flames spread in the hay that it was absolutely impossible to reach the boys, whose piteous shrieks of pain and horror could be heard for some distance. A more heartrending situation could not be imagined than was that which confronted Mr. Adams and his son as they desperately sought to save the perishing children.

The load of hay was burned after it had been backed out of the barn and one of the horses attached to the wagon died in the flames.

The barn where the holocaust occurred was located about 200 yards from the tracks of the B., R. & P. railroad and about one mile from the Rasselas station of that road. It was over the railroad wire that the first news of the fire reached Bradford.

Dr. Sharp of Johnsonburg, coroner of Elk county, visited the scene of the fire later in the afternoon and after learning the particulars, decided that an inquest was unnecessary. The bodies of the victims will be buried at Rasselas this forenoon.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 16, 1910:

Hooper, W. H. P.
Johnson, Miss Pearl.
Long, Percy.
Young, W. F.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

An Edison Amberol phonograph with 25 records only one year old for $25.00. Call at The Miner Office. 2t

WARREN GETS CUTLERY PLANT.

It Is Understood that the Case Plant Recently Located Here Will Go There.

After negotiating for several weeks the Case Brothers have decided to move the remains of their plant which was located here to Warren instead of buying the Smethport Cut Glass factory or rebuilding.

Some time ago it was given out that if the people of Smethport would raise $2000 by subscription the plant which was destroyed by fire would continue to do business here, the Case Brothers buying the cut glass factory and removing the remainder of their machinery there. But after this sum was raised other complications arose which blocked proceedings until finally Warren made them an offer which they accepted.

A week or more ago it was understood that terms had been fully agreed upon, and the factory was to stay here but evidently someone backed up a little and the deal is now off.

HORSE RUNS DOWN AUTO.

Thos. W. Camp's Touring Car Damaged Last Evening.

At about 8 o'clock last evening Thos. W. Camp met with a peculiar accident to his automobile while driving home from Bradford.

On the road between Coleville and Farmers Valley they passed a single rig which seemed to want to race with them and soon after passing the rig they caught up with Ray Day and John Devlin. Thinking they were walking to Smethport Mr. Camp slowed down and asked them to ride. Just at that time they heard the rig behind them but paid no attention to it.

An instant later a crash was heard and the horse's head came through the back of the car, between the two occupants of the back seat. The horse plowed into the rear of the car without slackening up a bit. His head went through the back of the top, the shafts made two deep dents in the back of the body of the car and the auto was otherwise marred where the animal struck it.

After the crash the occupants of the rig drew the horse back, pulled to one side and drove on. Upon investigation Mr. Camp learned that the driver of the rig was "Stubb" Burgess and the other occupant was Merritt Tyler, both of Coleville. Mr. Camp stated that the men were not apparently intoxicated and as the horse was not running away he does not see any reason why they should have run into his car as there was room for the team to pass.

FIVE BOYS ARRIVE.

This Week's Birth List Adds to Smethport's Voters In 1931.

According to nearly everybody this is a great year for boys and the birth record of the past week goes a good ways to substantiate the claim as will be seen by the following list:

On Thursday, July 14, a ten pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cunningham of East Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor of this place became the parents of a boy on Friday, July 15.

On Saturday, July 16, an eleven pound boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hanley of King street.

On Sunday July 17, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alphus (Doc) Hazen at their home on Union street.

And on the same day a boy came to further bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Norman who reside in the West End of town.

DIED AT CROSBY.

Mrs. Olmstead Passes Away Last Saturday.

Died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Waring of Crosby, last Saturday morning, Mrs. Olmstead, aged 78 years.

The aged lady sustained a slight stroke of paralysis on Tuesday of last week and it was at first thought there was a chance for her recovery. But her condition did not improve and grew steadily worse until Saturday when the end came.

Mrs. Olmstead had been a resident of this vicinity upwards of twenty five years and is survived by three sons and two daughters, one of whom is Mrs. J. VanWaring of Crosby.

The funeral was held Tuesday morning at Colegrove and interment was made at that place.

Wanted.

A young girl to assist in small family. For further particulars address Lock Box 132, Smethport, Pa. Jul 21-tf

CORTE ABBEY FATALLY INJURED IN BIG WOODS.

Falling Limb Struck Him on the Head and Shoulder, Monday Noon.

HIS DEATH REPORTED ON TUESDAY.

Left Arm Broken and He was Rendered Unconscious for Several Hours—Removed to Port Allegany on Tuesday—Was Quite Well Known Here.

Corte Abbey, a well-known woodsman in this section who has always made his home near Port Allegany, was fatally injured in the big woods at Norwich shortly after the noon hour on Monday. Tuesday evening his death was reported but up to this time the rumor has not been verified although it is more than probable that it is true.

Abbey was employed as a bark peeler and the first tree he fell after dinner lodged in another tree. He was at work trying to dislodge it when a large limb broke and fell striking him on the head and left shoulder. He was rendered unconscious and remained in that condition for many hours. Fellow workmen took him to the nearest camp and a man was dispatched for medical assistance.

Dr. Chadwick, who happened to be at one of the camps to see other patients was found after considerable search and reached the camp where the unfortunate man lay in the afternoon. After making an examination which disclosed the fact that he had received a terrific blow on the head and left shoulder which also broke his left arm, he decided that his injuries were fatal. He was still in a state of coma, and all efforts to restore him to consciousness were futile.

When Dr. Chadwick reached home he sent a message to a brother of the injured man in Port Allegany informing him of the particulars of the accident. Mr. Abbey left early Tuesday morning for Norwich and took his brother back to their home near that place, where he was to be kept over night and from there he was to be taken to Austin to the hospital as soon as he was able to withstand the trip, providing he survived.

Corte Abbey, who is about 35 years of age, was born near Port Allegany and has always lived in this vicinity. He has two brothers and one sister, one of whom, J. J. Abbey, was a resident of Smethport for several years.

MURDERER NOT CAPTURED.

Nick Perozolli Who Killed Archie Freeman at Limestone Was Not Found in Smethport.

Yesterday morning the local authorities received a message from Detective Jones, who was at Ludlow, stating that Nick Perozolli, the Italian who killed Archie Freeman at Limestone on Friday, July 8, was in hiding in one of the Italian houses in Smethport, and Chief of Police Frank McCarthy, assistant Alvin McCarthy, Constable Foote and L. K. Hogarth started a search of these places.

Two or three shanties along the P., S. & N. tracks were searched without avail and finally Philip Straveno's boarding house and store was carefully searched from cellar to garret but the missing Nick was nowhere to be found.

When the tip that Nick was soon to be unearthed quietly spread about town many people gathered to see the fun and after standing around for a couple of hours speculating on whether he would be taken, dead or alive, the authorities gave out the word that they had been following the wrong trail and the disappointed gatherings quietly dispersed, and thus a good sensation died in the borning.

Entertainment To-Night, 8:30 p. m.

The farce, "A Case of Suspension," will be reproduced by the Epworth League in the M. E. Chapel. Musical numbers will be rendered by Mrs. J. E. Chapman, Allen Morrison, Miss Flossie Freeman and Misses Orra and Mildred Gleason.

Miss Irma Wells will give one of her popular readings.

Prices 25 and 15. 1t

"King Edward's Funeral" and "Roosevelt's Return" will be the pictures at the Star theatorium on Tuesday, July 26. The first performance starts at 7:03 p. m. sharp.

BELA COLEGROVE BADLY INJURED ON MONDAY.

Head and Spine Injured and Ankle Bone Broken.

FELL TWENTY FEET TO BARN FLOOR

Accident Happened at Burlington Flats, N. Y., Where He Is Visiting —News Reached Here Tuesday— His Condition is Quite Serious.

Bela Colegrove, a well-known resident of this borough was seriously injured on Monday at Burlington Flats, N. Y., by falling from the loft of a barn to the cement floor below, a distance of about 20 feet. As a result his head was badly cut, his spine injured and one of the bones in his ankle broken.

This sad news reached her on Tuesday in a letter from Mrs. Bela Colegrove to Mrs. George Campbell, and owing to the short time after the accident when the letter was written she was unable to tell what the final result would be, and the particulars given were very meagre.

Although from the information received it would appear that Mr. Colegrove's condition is very serious, his many friends in Smethport and vicinity hope that he may speedily recover and be as well as ever in a short time.

DON'T LIKE DOG TAX.

Considerable Trouble Encountered in Collecting the Borough Tax of $1.

During the past week the authorities have been busy collecting from delinquint dog owners the borough tax of $1.

At a recent meeting of the borough council Burgess Cleveland was instructed to bring proceedings against all dog owners who refused to pay the tax as provided by the terms of an ordinance recently passed by the council and in spite of this fact many citizens were slow in coming across with the money.

Four local men argued their cases before Justice Gleason, but three of the complainants were convinced of the necessity of paying while the fourth man, an Italian, absolutely refused to liquidate.

Justice Gleason sentenced the man to three days in the borough lockup and this had a tendency to bring him to time. He compromised by promising to kill the dog that was the cause of his trouble.

The tax has now been all collected in the borough and the matter is settled for another year.

WORK STARTED

On New Juvenile Ward of County Jail.

Ground was broken last week for the new juvenile department of the county jail. The building is to be located on the lawn several feet in front of the wing of the jail containing the woman's department and the contract calls for its completion by October 1. It is being built of plans drawn by Architect Brickel of Bradford.

The structure is separate from the jail building proper and will be connected with the latter structure by a passage way. It is to be one story in height and will be constructed of stone and brick. It will contain four rooms and will be in every way adapted for the purpose for which it is intended. The cost of erection will be $2,550. John Carlson, the well known contractor of this borough, has charge of the work, his bid having been the lowest of several received by the county commissioners several weeks ago.

The new building will fill a long felt want as there has hitherto been no suitable place at the county prison for the care of juvenile prisoners.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Lost—Tess, black and tan hound, long ears, medium size, white breast and paws. Reward for information or return.

4t CHAS. SMITH,
Box 248, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

STRUCK NEAR HOME.

Many Were Shocked by a Stroke of Lightning Saturday Afternoon.

During the electrical storm which visited this place last Saturday afternoon, lightning struck in the central part of town, and although it has not been ascertained where the fluid hit, persons residing within a radius of two squares were affected by the flash, which was a most severe one.

Wm. Glavin, the shoe dealer, had what might well be called a narrow escape. He was working in the rear end of his Main street store and when the bolt of lightning came he felt a terrific jolt on his chest, as if he had been struck a blow by some heavy instrument. It was with difficulty that he regained his breath and the jolt was followed by a sharp pain. On investigating Mr. Glavin discovered that he had received quite a bad burn, the lightning leaving a red streak about an inch in width across his chest.

The fact that several persons who were in the store, which appeared to be fairly filled with the fluid, received strong shocks, would bear out the theory that the bolt struck in the alley in the rear of the building. Doors in the front and rear of the building were open and this probably added to the force of the shock. No damage was done to the interior of the store.

A tall slim youth who was one of those in the store at the time, was seated at the sewing machine in the repair department, sewing a shoe and while industriously pumping the pedal of the machine with a long leg, was singing in a none too melodious voice "Pickin' on de Harp with de Golden String." He was just in the act of "Pickin" on the golden string when the flash came and he was "picked" up, so to speak, being knocked from his seat with much force and bringing his roundelay to a sudden termination.

Other people residing in the block and on the opposite side of the street were more or less shocked by the bolt.

STABBING AFFRAY.

Occurred at Olean Saturday Night—Principals Were Negroes.

Olean, N. Y., July 18.—"Big Chief" Allen Franklin, colored, a former resident of Bradford, is in the Olean hospital, suffering from two knife wounds which will probably prove fatal. George Hoston, also colored, is in the city prison charged with the assault.

From the story told by the police it appears that the two colored men had a long standing grudge between them over a wood chopping job. Saturday evening about 9 o'clock they met in a North Union street saloon and had some words. It is alleged that Hoston whipped out an old jack knife and thrust the blade into Franklin's body, one stab near the heart and the other in the abdomen. The attending surgeons, Drs. Kane and Allen, have little or no hope of his recovery. After being stabbed Franklin caught his assailant and held him until the arrival of Captain Lawler, of the police department. Hoston was placed in a cell.

On account of the critical condition of Franklin, Coroner Smith visited the hospital and took the ante-mortem statement of the victim.

GRANGE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Headquarters Have Been Opened in Grange Bank Building This Borough.

Headquarters have been opened on the second floor of the Grange National Bank for the Grange Mutual Insurance Company of McKean County which has recently been incorporated.

This company, which was organized last winter is destined to become a leader in its line. It is receiving the hearty support of leading granges of the county and its success is practically assured.

The object is to sell insurance to grangers, and grangers only, at reasonable rates. Thus it will be possible for members of the order to insure isolated property hitherto unprotected on account of prohibitory insurance rates.

The officers of the company, which will soon be ready for business, are: D. C. Young of Smethport, president; Mr. Harman of, Annin township, secretary; and A. B. Armstrong of Smethport, treasurer.

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Subscribe for The Miner.

FIREMEN MEET AT BRADFORD LAST FRIDAY.

They Were Delegates of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Ass'n.

ASS'N. MEETS HERE IN SEPTEMBER.

The Date Will Be on Fireman's Day at the McKean County Fair, Sept. 7 Constitution and By-Laws for the Organization Were Adopted at the Meeting and Plans Discussed for This Year's Meet.

The directors and representatives of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association met at the Bradford Volunteer Firemen's Association in the Central fire station, that city, last Friday afternoon. President John Waite of this borough, Secretary E. R. Benson of Mt. Jewett and Treasurer W. Welsh of Kane presided at the meeting which was attended by at least three representatives from the various volunteer fire departments in McKean county.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted at the meeting for the governing of the organization. Various suggestions for framing these were made by the delegates assembled and the meeting revolving itself into a discussion of plans for observing the second meet of the McKean County Firemen's Association in this borough on Wednesday, September 7, which will also be Firemen's day at the McKean County Fair.

The following delegates were in attendance: J. McAllister, Carl Tow, W. Welsh and M. J. Fitzgerald, Kane; F. H. Hungiville, S. E. Bell, Webb Hopper and John Waite, Smethport; E. R. Benson, A. O. Downey, Grant Kiester and H. L. Wolters, Mt. Jewett; M. Murphy, J. E. Ward and C. H. Henderson, Bradford.

This association promises to be one of the most successful ones of its kind ever organized in this section. It is composed of 14 fire companies from the following McKean county towns: Four companies comprising the Bradford Volunteer Fire Department; the four companies of the Kane Fire Department; the hose companies of Mt. Jewett and Port Allegany; and the four companies of the Smethport Fire Department.

The organization was perfected at Mt. Jewett last summer and the first meet was held in this borough last September on the last day of the fair and at a largely attended meeting held in the evening it was voted to hold the second gathering of the Association in Smethport.

The organization, while not composed of a large number of companies, consists of towns situated within easy traveling distance of each other and in this fact will lie its great strength.

At the meet last year every company of the association was present and it was one of the most successful gatherings of its kind ever held in this vicinity. At noon a large parade of the visiting fire companies was given which traversed the streets of this borough and the route terminated at the Fair grounds, where various athletic sports for firemen were held and a fire engine demonstration given. In the evening another big parade took place and as the long line of uniformed men passed through Main street colored fire was touched off and the spectacle presented was a very pretty one. The day's program concluded with a grand ball at the Lyceum.

The successful meet last year made such a favorable impression with the visitors that almost every volunteer firemen in McKean county has been looking forward to this year's meet.

The Bradford Volunteer Firemen's Association, recently organized, is composed of about 250 members and it is expected that at least 200 of their membership will come to Smethport by special train and take part in the big day this year. The other towns comprising the organization are expected to send even larger delegations than they did last year and everything points to there being one of the largest assemblages of firemen ever gathered together in this section of the State in Smethport on September 7.

The program for the day will be along the same lines as that of last year with the exception that the parades will be larger and more elaborate and there will be more time to arrange for the field day sports and other events at the fair grounds.

The next meeting of the delegates of the association will be held in this borough September 6 the night preceding the big day.

The Epicurean Badger.

The badger is a great epicure in eggs, and much of the hostility of gamekeepers to this animal lies undoubtedly in the fact that it will, when it gets the chance, devour a whole nest of partridge or pheasant eggs. Badgers are said also to be fond of honey, and, knowing the extraordinary craving of their South African cousin, the ratel, for this delicacy, I should say it is not improbable that they may occasionally partake of it. It is certain that these animals have a particular liking for the nest and larvæ of wasps and wild bees, digging down with strong feet and infinite perseverance till they attain their object. These animals are said by keepers to kill and devour freely young rabbits. That they do partake of this fare at times is, I think, certain, but that they destroy any very considerable number is more than doubtful. Still, the badger is carnivorous in his tastes and is not, even by his kindliest friends, to be absolved from devouring at times tender rabbits and even the young of game birds when he can get hold of them.—Westminster Gazette.

Strange Fishing Matches.

In the olden time in England lords and ladies sometimes invented queer amusements. They were always on the lookout for some novelty, and one of the strangest they discovered was fishing by a goose. A line with a barbed hook attached having been fastened to the goose, tied to its leg, she was flung into the water from the boat in which were all the gay lords and ladies. Then, when a pike caught the bait, she was sport indeed, a royal battle between bird and fish, and all the time, between the loud splashings, wheedlings and flounderings, the onlookers in the boat giving vent to their feelings in cheers, handclappings and handkerchief waving. But the goose was usually the victor and ended the struggle by landing its prisoner on the shore, where its quack-quack as it cleared itself from the line and waddled away ended the scene. The lake of Monteith, in the southwest of Perthshire, was often the scene of such angling matches.

The Soldier Ant.

The lion is the king of beasts, but all of his magnificent strength and ferocity would avail him nothing when he faced a mere ant. But this ant is not the usual kind which peacefully goes about its domestic duties day by day. It is the terrible driver or soldier ant, said to be the most invincible creature in the world. Against these tiny enemies no lion or band of men, no lion or tiger, not even a herd of elephants can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. Among the Barotse natives a favorite form of capital punishment is to coat the victim with grease and throw him before the advancing army of soldier ants. The quickness with which the poor wretch is dispatched is marvelous when it is considered that each ant can do nothing more than merely tear out a small particle of flesh and carry it off. Yet in a surprisingly short time the writhing victim will have been changed into a skeleton.

Old Saws and Sayings.

A few old sayings on the subject of food come to us rather as a surprise in our age of faintness and refinement, yet they have their reason for it, notwithstanding. "Meat is much, man more," "Grease your chattels and mind your platters," "The ass that brays most eats least," "The wing with the liver to him who's the driver," "He can give little to his servant who licks his own trencher."

Apropos of this remark, it is amusing to note that "manners" was the name given to the remnants of a meal. These came to the servants as official perquisites; hence our well worn expression before emptying a dish, "Leave the last slice or whatever it may be for manners," though if votes were collected on this point it is hardly likely that any of us would have taken it as it stands in the original.

Carthage's Great Snake.

The ancients firmly believed in monster serpents of all kinds and of both the land and marine species. During the wars with Carthage a great snake is said to have kept the Roman army from crossing the Bagrados river for several days. The monster swallowed up no less than seventy Roman soldiers during this combat and was not conquered until a hundred stones from as many different catapults were fired upon it all at one time. The monster skull and skin were preserved and afterward exhibited in one of the Roman temples. The dried skin of the creature was 120 feet in length, according to Pliny.

Throat Trouble.

"You look bad, old man. What's the matter?"

"Throat trouble."

"I didn't know you were subject to it."

"Yes; I am. This throat belongs to the newcomer in the next house, who practices singing at all hours of the night."

Past Is Past.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can.—Emerson.

The Drawback.

"Can't you live just as cheap in the suburbs as in town?"

"Yes, but everybody knows it out there."—Life.

Distance is a great promoter of admiration.—Diderot.

Saving Time or Time Tables.

To most people, especially when they are on the road, time is money, but time tables are not convertible into cash. In the pages of "Through Savage Europe" Harry De Windt gives a curious and amusing experience on a Russian railway some years ago. The patience of the Russians is in marked contrast with the impatience of American travelers. All Russians have a rooted antipathy to fast railway travel, if one may judge from an incident which occurred some years ago when I was travelling across the Caucasus from Batoum to Baku. We had reached a tunnel, at the entrance of which the train waited for at least twenty minutes.

"There is something wrong," I remarked to a fellow passenger.

"Oh, no," he replied; "we are only making up the time. This tunnel was recently made to avoid a long bend round a range of hills, and as it now cuts off several miles a short delay is necessary so as to fit in with the scheduled time."

"But surely we should save time by going on," I urged.

"Perhaps so," said my friend. "But then, you see, they would have to alter all the time tables."

Form of Divorce In Old Rome.

In the earlier period of the Roman republic divorces were quite unknown and were rare right up to the time of the Sullan wars. In the old days the husband and wife who wished to separate appeared for the last time before the common hearth, a priest and priestess being present. As on the day of marriage, a cake of wheaten flour was presented to the husband and wife, but instead of sharing it between them they rejected it. Then, instead of prayers, they pronounced formulas of a strange, severe, spiteful character, by which the wife renounced the worship and gods of the husband. From that moment the religious bond was broken, and the community of worship having ceased to exist, the marriage without further ado was forever dissolved.—New York American.

Floral Etymology.

"Primrose" is one of those words that have shown popular association to be stronger than etymology. It has no real connection with the rose, but is the old French "primerole" and, anyhow, means only the "prime" or first flower (more or less) of the year. Our language has insisted upon making "roses" of all sorts of flowers. We have the tuberose, which is only "tuberosa," tuberous, and the rosemary, which is "rosmarinus," dew of the sea. On the other hand the "rose" has been dropped readily enough in cases where popular fancy could not see the flower. The alchemists called green vitriol "rose of copper," "cuprirosa." In French this became "couperose," but English wore it down to the pointless "copperas."—London Chronicle.

The Dancing Mania.

The "dancing mania" of the middle ages came on the heels of the great plague known as the "black death." It was some sort of nervous disease and is now supposed to have been what is known as "St. Vitus' dance." It began in the year 1374 at Aix-la-Chapelle and spread all over Germany, the Netherlands and Italy. The dancers formed circles hand in hand and appearing to have lost all reason continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together until in their wild delirium they fell to the ground in sheer exhaustion. Panting and foaming at the mouth, they would suddenly spring up and begin the dance again, to be again exhausted, and so on until they died. The mania involved millions of people.

The Twelve Jurymen.

A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the vikings. The vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

Made Her Mad.

"I thought I overheard you and your wife quarreling a little while ago. What was the trouble?"

"She brought home a new hat, and after putting it on she turned to me and said she didn't believe it was becoming."

"Well?"

"I agreed with her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A One Sided Rule.

Once when P. T. Barnum was taking tickets at the entrance of his circus a man asked him if he could go in without paying.

"You can pay without going in," said Barnum, "but you can't go in without paying. The rule doesn't work both ways."

Not by Exclusion.

He—I had a hard time getting a good wife.

She—Goodness! Have you been married several times?

"Oh, no. But I courted my present one six years."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Usually the Way.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud—How do you know?

"She told me so."

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless oneself.—George Sand.

Respond to Blue Eyes.

"Every little while physiologists come to the front with some advantage according to people who have blue eyes," said the city salesman. "Well, I discovered a point that they have never mentioned. A jeweler told me. He is manager of the jewelry department of a big store. I applied to him for a situation for my wife's cousin.

"'What's the color of her eyes?' he asked.

"'Brown,' I said.

"'Bring her down and I will take a look at her,' he said, 'but I am afraid she won't do. People with a certain shade of blue eyes make the best jewelry salesmen. Many customers who buy jewelry want some one to try it on so they can get the effect of the stones when worn. There is something about deep blue eyes that brings out the best lights in most jewels. Take notice and you will find that two-thirds of the jewelry salesmen in New York have blue eyes.'"—New York Times.

Stingy Queen Bess.

Every one who ever did anything for Queen Bess seems to have been left with a bad debt on his books. So we find an unfortunate John Conley writing to Sir Robert Cecil that for the last two years he had been suitor for £100 for "beeves for the army" and complaining that "unless some order be taken I shall be undone." Sir Edward Hastyngs, after spending his life in serving the queen, had to pawn his wife's jewels and beg her majesty "to bestow something upon me in this my latter age." So badly was the fleet that beat the armada provisioned that Francis Drake had to seize at Plymouth ninety bags of rice, and the unfortunate owner, after ten years' waiting, was refused payment, "rice being an extraordinary victual not allowed for the navy." Nor did common soldiers fare better. The chief anxiety of all Elizabeth's ministers ought, in her view, to have been how to save most money.—London Telegraph.

Eating For the Love of It.

Pawlow has given epicureanism in eating strong scientific support, and many of Horace Fletcher's ideas and orthodox justification. The first rule of dietetic conduct, according to Fletcher, is to eat only when one is hungry and to eat only the things from which one anticipates enjoyment. He also teaches that one must eat in the way that gives the greatest sensual pleasure—that is, by thorough chewing and tasting; also serenity of mind, pleasant surroundings at a meal, congenial friends, pleasurable conversation—in fact, everything that adds to enjoyment aids digestion. In other words, the process of digestion furnishes a beautiful illustration of the influence of mind upon matter. The inspiring stimulus is not mechanical, but psychic. The preliminary essential to the orderly assimilation of food is the keen desire for it.—McClure's Magazine.

A Paradoxical River.

On the African shore, near the gulf of Aden and connecting the lake of Assal with the main ocean, may be found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curiosity does not flow to but from the ocean toward inland. The surface of Lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the mean tide, and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea which became separated therefrom by the duning of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

His Maternal Grandma.

A devoted father after a day's absence was met by his two little sons.

"Have you been good boys?"

Silence.

"Have you been good boys?"

"No, papa; I called grandma a bad word," said five-year-old, turning scarlet.

"Is it possible? What did you call your grandma?"

"I called her a human being."

The father, with a mighty effort, maintained his gravity and closed the scene decorously. "I must forgive you for once, but remember if you ever call your grandmother a human being again I shall have to spank you."

Stated a Fact.

"Do you see the horizon, yonder where the sky seems to meet the earth?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Boy, I have journeyed so near there that I couldn't put a sixpence between my head and the sky."

"Oh, uncle, what a whopper!"

"It's a fact, my lad. I hadn't one to put."—Pearson's Weekly.

An Unnecessary System.

"You ought to have a burglar alarm system in your house," said the electrical supply agent, "so that you will be awakened if a burglar raises one of the windows or opens a door at night."

"No burglar can get in here while we are peacefully sleeping," replied Mr. Newpop. "We are weaning our baby."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Notable Exceptions.

Mrs. Bloobumper—Yes, everybody is always ready to give advice.

Bloobumper—There are exceptions.

"Are there?"

"Yes; doctors and lawyers."

The lessons of life are lost if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowances for the immature conclusions of others.

Presence of Mind.

A visitor to an insane asylum was walking in the grounds when a man came up to him and entered into conversation. After walking about for some time, discussing topics suggested by the place, the two set out on a tour of inspection, the man, apparently an official, inviting the visitor to go over the asylum. At length they reached the foot of a flight of steps, up which the guide led the way, and at the top the visitor found himself out upon the roof, a height of more than a hundred feet from the ground. As they gazed below his companion startled him suddenly by proposing to see who could jump farthest toward the grounds! Not until then had it dawned upon the visitor that his guide was mad. Mercifully he was a man of ready wit, and his wit saved the madman's life. "Oh, anybody can jump down," said the visitor. "Let us go down and see who can jump to the top." The madman thought it a good idea, and, retracing their steps, the two began their jump from the earth instead of from the roof.

The Mammoth Cave Rat.

The cavern rat found in the Mammoth cave is of a soft bluish color, with white neck and feet. It has enormous eyes, black as night, but quite unprovided with an iris. These eyes are perfectly insensible to light, and when the experiment has been made of catching a cavern rat and turning it loose to bright sunlight it blunders about, striking itself against everything, is unable to provide itself with food and finally falls down and dies. In its native depths, however, it is able to lead a comfortable enough existence, as its enormously long whiskers are so extremely sensitive that they enable it to find its way rapidly through the darkness. The principal food of the cavern rat consists of a kind of large cricket of a pale yellow color and, like most other cave dwellers, itself perfectly blind.

The Lilies.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilies closed their flowers at night and retreated far under water, to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it was not impeached until the English botanist John Ray in 1688 first doubted its veracity. The great lily of Zanzibar, one of the grandest of the lily family, opens its flowers, ten inches wide, between 11 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the center, and they remain open four or five days. It is not generally known that there are lilies that have nocturnal habits—night bloomers as well as day bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

Bunyan's Wicket Gate.

In the village of Elstow there abundant material that is visibly associated with John Bunyan. The Isolated church tower contains the very bells in the ringing of which Bunyan rejoiced and afterward trembled. Above all there must be mentioned the wicket gate which figures early in the story of "Pilgrim's Progress." The wicket gate of "Pilgrim's Progress" is commonly represented as a garden gate or a turnpike gate, but really the term denotes a small doorway cut out of a large door. Concealed behind a tree at the west end of Elstow church is just such a small doorway in the broad wooden surface of the great door. Through this lowly opening Bunyan must often have passed when a boy.—Harper's Weekly.

The Major's Value.

"Major Bunks," said a veteran, "was a pompous chap. The boys had a good deal of fun once over his exchange.

"It seems that on a very dark night a stalwart Confederate took the major prisoner. This fact, together with the narrative of the prisoner's return to camp, was signaled to headquarters tersely:

"'Major Bunks, captured during night march, exchanged later for two plugs tobacco.'"

Doctors Are More Thorough Now.

A physician at a dinner in Denver sneered at certain Biblical miracles.

"Lazarus," he said, "was raised from the dead, and yet I don't see any dead folks being raised in our time."

"No," said a clergyman, an eminent Biblical scholar, with a sniff, "Modern medical science has progressed too far for that, eh?"—Washington Star.

Conciliatory.

Head Waiter (dignified and pompous)—Have you ordered, sir? Despairing Patron—Yes, I ordered a porterhouse steak half an hour ago, and I wish to apologize for my rudeness. With your permission I will withdraw it as an order and renew it as a suggestion.—Chicago Tribune.

Comparisons.

Small Tommy—My pa's awful smart. Little Elsie—What does he do? Small Tommy—He's a mechanic and makes locomotives. Little Elsie—That's nothing. My pa's a commuter and makes two trains every day.—Chicago News.

Good and Evil.

Nothing is truly good to a man which does not make him just, temperate, courageous and free, and nothing can be evil to a man which does not give him the contrary disposition.—Marcus Aurelius.

Significant Signals.

"Do you not see the handwriting on the wall?" asked the foreboding friend.

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the headlines in the newspapers are enough for me."—Washington Star.

COUNTING BY TENS.

And a Suggestion as to Why We Buy Things by the Dozen.

Did it ever occur to you as strange that while we count by tens we buy so many articles by the dozen? If we ask the price of apples, oranges, oysters, eggs, collars, handkerchiefs and many other things we will be told so many cents or dollars a dozen, or if large quantities are wanted so much a gross, which means a dozen dozen.

How do you suppose this has come about? It was this way: Nearly all savage people count by their fingers—that is, if they want to tell you they have seen two wild beasts they will hold up two fingers, and if ten they will hold up both hands, and if twenty both hands twice, and so on. Babies also learn to count by their fingers and toes, and to many people it seems as if that were the only possible way.

It is, however, rather a clumsy way, as you find out when you try to divide ten. Say, for example, you have ten apples. You can only make an equal division among two or five persons, while if you have twelve you can give an equal number to two, three, four or six. We find the same inconvenience in dividing a dollar and often have to pay 13 cents for what should properly cost 12½ cents.

If we had been born with two, four six or eight fingers or toes, like some animals, it is possible that we should have counted differently, but it does not now seem likely there will ever be any change in the ten or decimal system, as it is called, especially since the Arabic numerals now used nearly everywhere are based on this system.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SPOILED THE PLOT.

A Display of Juvenile Affection That Saved the Mongrel.

About three weeks ago there strolled into a Ridley Park house a dirty, disreputable looking dog. He was of no particular breed, but a general mixture of all there are. Out of the kindness of her heart the cook gave him a few bites to eat, and from that time on, try as they would, the family could not get rid of the canine. The small children took a great fancy to the dog and named him Blute. Their father and mother grew tired of seeing Blute around and secretly plotted to get him out of the way. They feared to kidnap him openly by day, for there would surely follow much protest and distress on the part of the children. Accordingly plans were made for losing Blute some place far from Ridley Park by night. The evening that the plot was to be carried out, just after supper, father, mother and a five-year-old boy were in the parlor. The little fellow was fondling the dog as if he were his best friend in the world. Finally he seized the dog firmly under the shoulders and, looking straight into his eyes, lisped out, "Bwoote, do you wove me?" and then after a moment with joy in his voice, "Bwoote loves me and the world is mine." After that touching display neither father nor mother had the heart to deprive the little fellow of "Bwoote's" company, and the little mongrel dog seems sure of a comfortable home for life.—Philadelphia Record.

How Japs Play Ken.

In its most widely practiced form the basis of the Japanese game of ken is that the fully outstretched hand represents paper. The fully closed hand, a stone, and two fingers alone extended, the pair being closed, scissors. Each of the players, counting [illegible] throws out his hand at the word of [illegible] three. [illegible] whose hand symbol is victorious on the basis of the above, according to the theory of the game, wins the trick. Superiority is determined on the hypothesis that whereas scissors cuts paper, and whereas paper is cut by a stone, it can wrap up a stone; consequently scissors are inferior to stone, but conquer paper; stone is inferior to paper, but conquers scissors, and paper is inferior to scissors, but conquers stone. There are innumerable varieties of the game.

The Only Thing They Ever Did.

John Bright's powers of sarcasm were almost unrivaled. Some of his sharpest utterances were against members of the nobility. When boasts had been made of the antiquity of a prominent family, that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, his reply was prompt, "I never heard that they did anything else.

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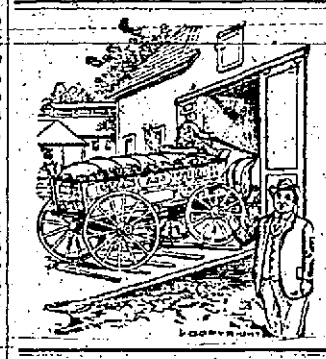

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1910.

Local and General.

—Get ready for the great McKean County Fair & Races.

—The Bradford races will attract a number of Smethport people that way next week.

—A meeting of the Democratic County Committee will be held on next Saturday afternoon at the Hotel Holley, Bradford.

—On Monday morning last Rev. W. A. Harris united in marriage at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage on King street, Mr. Edward Zeches and Hallie Hyatt, both of Bliss, N. Y. May they always remain in that peaceful locality.

—The Rev. Summersgill will preach at the U. B. church, East Smethport, next Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. Summersgill's theme will be to disclose the biggest liar in East Smethport.

—The Silsby steamer which was presented to the city of Bradford by the Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., has been rebuilt and is now stationed at the new central fire station to be used in case of emergency. The steamer has been given a thorough test and is in good condition.—Bradford Herald.

—Some unknown party has been soliciting funds for the new M. E. church being erected in Roulette from the lumbermen and farmers in McKean county. The people of Roulette desire to say that whoever they are they have no authority to collect money for that purpose, and are undoubtedly using what they collect for their own benefit, as no solicitors have been sent out.

—Jimmie Foote of Smethport was a visitor in Port Allegany over Sunday, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Foote on the Brooklynside. While in the city he was a pleasant visitor at this office. He has accepted the principalship of the Ormsby schools and will take charge thereof in September. He is a very successful teacher and an all round good boy.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A Bolivar dispatch of July 9 has the following to say of the attempted robbery of the business establishment of two former Smethport residents: Hungerford Bros.' bottling establishment was broken into Wednesday night and the safe was robbed of $6 in money and some valuable papers. Over $70 was taken out of the safe earlier in the evening by one of the proprietors, who feared a burglary. There is no clue.

—Yesterday morning a St. Marys man whose name we don't care to mention, was arrested by Chief of Police O'Donnel for using profane language on the streets of the borough. As far as we know this is the first arrest that was made here for an offense of this nature and should serve as a warning to some others who are in the habit of using vile language no matter where they may happen to be. The man was fined $2.75 by 'Squire Forster, which he promptly paid.—St. Marys Enterprise.

—General Manager W. H. Myers of the Pennsylvania railroad and the committees representing the 15,000 trainmen and conductors employed on the lines of the road east of Pittsburg, who recently voted to strike, agreed on a basis for the settlement of the wage controversy, Monday. Each side claims to have gained all that it has been contending for in the negotiations which have been in progress for the past six months and which culminated last week in the strike vote of the employes.

—Ernest W. Bowman, former assistant cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of Tionesta, Pa., who pleaded guilty May 18, 1908, in the United States district court to misappropriation of funds and making false entries in the books of the bank, was sentenced to serve five years in the Western penitentiary on the first charge and five years on the second charge, by Judge James S. Young. Saturday. Joseph W. Landers and William G. Wyman, who were indicted jointly with Bowamn, entered pleas of not guilty to the charges of aiding and abetting Bowman and were acquitted.

—The Bradford Star-Record of Tuesday says: C. C. Blanchard, secretary of the Bradford lodge of Elks, returned last evening from Hammondsport, N. Y., where he saw Glenn H. Curtiss in relation to aeroplane flights for the Elks' convention during August. Mr. Curtiss is an exceedingly busy man and did not promise definitely that he could come to Bradford at that time. He said, however, that he could send a machine here with an expert aviator to make the flights. Mr. Curtiss also said that it might be possible for him to handle the aeroplane personally. A representative will arrive in Bradford within a few days to look over the ground and other conditions that are met in aeroplane exhibitions.

SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found in the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "pauji" by the natives, but is known to science as the galeated curassow. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto esta aqui" (the corpse lies here).

"It is while uttering this lugubrious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the pauji usually meets its death, for the hunter can then easily track it to its retreat, and it falls a victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the pauji gets suspicious it immediately ceases humming, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or scents danger. In such a case the only thing for the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting awhile and again begin to call, "The corpse lies here." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the pauji usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is very fleet of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male pauji is the most pugnacious of birds and will fight its own kind whenever it meets them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

SALVE FOR HIS WOUND.

A Strenuous Scene That Was Not on the Bill of the Play.

Giovanni Grasso, a Sicilian actor of unusual dramatic energy, was playing in Florence in one of his fiercest parts, where he had to stab his enemy with a dagger. Suddenly, in the heat of his passion, Grasso let the weapon slip out of his hand. It alighted in the pit on a man's head, cutting it slightly.

An indignant member of the audience flung the knife back to the stage, where it was dexterously caught by Grasso. Raising it aloft in his hand and as if it were accursed, Grasso smashed it in two and then stamped upon it.

Then, with a swift bound, Grasso was in the pit beside the injured man. The next minute he had climbed back to the boards, with the victim in his arms.

After settling him in a chair Grasso threw himself on his knees and began a long entreaty for forgiveness. This was rapidly granted by the much embarrassed playgoer, who on his side begged to be allowed to return to his seat.

But this was not to be until Grasso, weeping copiously, had bestowed no fewer than fifty resounding kisses on the man's blushing cheeks.

The action was greeted with loud cheers, and after Grasso had gracefully bowed his thanks the play was resumed and successfully concluded.—London Express.

Perils of the Hair Cut.

"Ouch!" cried the barber and something besides. He stuck the end of his thumb in his mouth and—began sucking it.

"Cut yourself?" asked the man in the chair.

"No; it's an ingrowing hair," replied the barber—"an ingrowing hair under my thumb nail."

The man in the chair laughed.

"Fact," said the barber. "It isn't an uncommon thing either. In giving a customer a hair cut a bit of hair often lodges under the finger nail, and if it isn't removed it is apt to fester and get sore. Sometimes we don't even know it's there until it begins to get in its fine work. It burts like the dickens sometimes. If you don't believe me, ask any barber and he'll tell you the same thing."—New York Times.

A Gun Club's Treasure.

Thirteen million cartridge shells, the result of eleven years of shooting by the members of a gun club, have been gathered into a huge pile by one of the leading sporting organizations of England. Eleven years ago one of the members conceived the idea of having the members save all their shells and deposit them on the pile. The shell bank is now the club's most prized possession. If a single man were to shoot one cartridge a second day and night it would take him about twenty-five years to discharge 13,000,000. The club maintains a vigilant guard over its precious shell pile.

Filial Repartee.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day backing his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said:

"Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Very well, father," said Tom, "but where will you get the shilling?"

The Prize Holder.

"I understand you have a fine track team here," said the visitor to the man who was showing him over the college campus. "What individual holds most of the medals?"

"The town pawnbroker," answered his guide after due deliberation.—New York Journal.

Misdeals.

Stilicus—Love is a game in which Cupid deals the cards. Cynicus—Then why does he so often deal from the bottom of the deck?—Philadelphia Record.

The Nature of Friendship.

Friendship may be fostered, but cannot be forced. Two are as one, not because it is in the will of either, but because it is in the nature of both. When souls of similar fiber encounter each other the gods preside at the meeting. I may not coolly say, "I will make this man my friend." He either is or is not my friend without any decision of mine or his. The ages have been shaping the two of us, and if we fit into each other well and good; if not, we know it instinctively and are worlds apart though we toast our shins at the same fire and badly words till doomsday.—Richard Wightman in Metropolitan Magazine.

Consolation.

There had been a little quarrel after the honeymoon.

"And just look at my pretty linen collar," sobbed the young wife; "the tears have trickled down and wilted it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling."

"Indeed I have," laughed the big husband; "I'm going to fix things up."

"H-how, George?"

"Why, the next time I go downtown I am going to buy you a waterproof collar."—Chicago News.

A Special Brand.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I want half a dozen red lemons. The Fruiterer—Red lemons? Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, sir; I want to surprise my husband by making him some red lemonade.—Chicago News.

The Two Periods.

The career of every successful man may be divided into two periods—first, when he is not given credit for what he knows and, second, when he is given credit for what he doesn't know.—Life.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known when the disgrace is that the thing should exist.—Falconer.

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THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
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The McKean County Miner, Smetport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKER, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The call for the Independent party convention in this State has been issued and the meeting will be held in Philadelphia on Thursday, July 28.

Congressman John K. Tener of Charleroi, will be officially notified in Pittsburg of his nomination for governor of Pennsylvania. The program will be carried out at the headquarters of the Americus club, and the date will be July 23, at 2 p. m. Mayor William A. Magee, president of the Americus club, is completing arrangements for the notification there. Gov. Edwin S. Stuart and United States Senators Boies Penrose and George T. Oliver are expected to be present.

The business affairs of Colonel James M. Guffey, Democratic leader of Pennsylvania, member of the Democratic national committee and one of the best known oil men in the entire country were on Friday last placed in the hands of a receiver. The assets of Colonel Guffey are estimated at $17,000,000, his liabilities at less than $7,000,000. Inability to realize on his assets which consist largely of coal lands in West Virginia is said to be the reason for Mr. Guffey's embarrassment. The receivership proceedings when made public caused somewhat of a sensation.

To commemorate in some fitting way the remaining out of one hundred years of peace among the English speaking peoples, it is proposed to hold a conference at an early date between commissioners representing the United States, Great Britain and Canada, whose duty it shall be to devise a plan for this auspicious centenary.

President Taft has been waited on by a delegation appointed by the recent Lake Mohonk conference and invited to become honorary president of the commission that shall represent the United States in the proposed conference. The centennial falls on December 24, 1914, which was the date, one hundred years ago, on which the treaty of Ghent was signed bringing to an end the war of 1812, which was the last armed struggle in which Great Britain and the United States engaged.

One of the tentative plans is to erect in commemoration of the long peace an international bridge across Niagara Falls. It has also been suggested that an exposition be held at the time in which the nations of the world shall be invited to participate.

The affair is only in its initial stages at present, however. After similar commissions have been appointed by Great Britain and Canada, the active work of planning for the celebration will be begun. John A. Stewart, chairman of the executive committee from which the delegation was chosen, presented the matter to the President who, after cordially endorsing all peace plans, asked the committee to put its proposition in the form of a letter which he would consider and reply to. It is believed that the President will accept the post of honorary head of the United States commission.

How the Tariff Works.

The following article on "How the Tariff Works," taken from the Philadelphia Press, is about as complete a vindication of the Payne law as can be devised. But then, as a matter of fact, the new tariff is vindicating itself by results.

"Under the Payne tariff imports are larger than ever before. For the first eleven months' operation of the present tariff imports are $114,000,000 greater in value than in any eleven months under any previous tariff.

"More imports come in free under the present tariff than under any tariff save those that laid no duty on sugar. In eleven months 49.14 per cent. of the imports came in free. This has never been equalled, save when sugar was free or the last year of the Wilson tariff when wool and other articles were imported in anticipation of a duty.

"The portion of imports free under the Wilson law, was 48.82 per cent. Under the Dingley tariff, the last, it was 44.31. The Payne law admits 49.14 free.

"The average duty of the Payne tariff on dutiable goods is the lowest yet for twenty years (save 1896). The Payne tariff average rate ad valorem is 41.19 per cent. The Dingley rate was 45.76 per cent., the Wilson, Democratic, 42.82 and the McKinley, 47.10—all higher than the Payne average.

"Customs receipts under the Payne tariff, $302,822,161, are the largest on record for eleven months, save once, in 1907, when the receipts were $307,053,331.

"The Payne tariff has brought, with the solitary exceptions noted in its first eleven months, the largest imports, the largest revenue, the largest proportion of free goods and the lowest duty on dutiable goods known in our tariff history.

"No tariff can do more than foster trade, increase revenue, add to free imports and make lower than before the duty on goods paying duty."

OF INTEREST TO VETERANS.

Free Transportation to Gettysburg on Date of Dedication of State Monument.

Philadelphia, July 14.—The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial commission, with the approval of the governor, has fixed Tuesday, September 27, 1910, noon, as the time for the dedication of the state monument at Gettysburg.

For the occasion, solicitors of Pennsylvania regiments, or other organizations which participated in the battle of Gettysburg, can have free transportation to and from Gettysburg and the public at the rate of one and one-half cents a mile each way from the railroad station in Pennsylvania nearest the home of each, tickets to be good, going, from September 24th to September 27th, and good, returning, to reach original starting point not later than September 30th.

To arrange for railroad tickets for soldiers entitled to free transportation and to provide seats for them at the dedication, each such soldier is requested to send to the commission at once his full name and postoffice address together with the name of the regiment and company in which he served, addressed to the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Commission, P. O. Box 533, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITALIAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

Was Struck by Pennsylvania Flyer at Olean.

Olean, July 16.—Death came suddenly to Francesco Fiotella, an Italian track hand, about 11 o'clock yesterday morning, when he was struck by the Pennsylvania flyer from Buffalo, due in Olean at 10:57 a. m.

Fiotella was one of a gang of track laborers who were at work just beyond where the Erie and Pennsylvania tracks cross. When the flyer came along the man became confused and stepped directly in front of the engine. His brother, who was working beside him, witnessed his terrible end, and for the time being the awfulness of it seemed to unbalance his mind. He raved and pounded his head against the side of a box car, and was only prevented from inflicting serious injury by being restrained by his fellow workmen.

The Grove City Bible Conference.

The Grove City Bible Conference, beginning August the 4th and closing August the 11th, will offer the best program in the history of this work. Five distinguished Scotch divines and educators including Sir William and Lady Ramsay of Aberdeen; Prof. Robert Law of Edinburgh, Scotland; Porf. Hugh Black, late of Edinburgh; the Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, D. D., late of Cambridge, England; and Prof. Herbert G. Wood of Jesus College, Cambridge, England, will have a part of the program. Bishop Oldham of India; the Rev. Hugh Blacks, and the Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross will be the three great preachers of the Conference.

Two of America's most distinguished philosophers—Dean A. T. Ormond of Princeton, and Dr. John E. Clarke of the Boston University will conduct two lectureships in Philosophy during this period. The Bible teachers will include such men as Prof. Robert Dick Wilson of Princeton; the Rev. Elmore Harris of Toronto; Dr. Joseph Kyle of Xenia, Ohio; President James A. Kelso of the Western Theological Seminary; Prof. Wood of England; Prof. Ramsey of Scotland; Dr. D. A. McClenahan of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and many others.

The Grove City Bible Conference is adapted to both clergymen and laymen. It is a fine school for Sunday School Superintendents, Sunday School teachers and Christian workers generally. The very best entertainment can be had at reasonable rates. For daily programs and all information address the President of the College, Isaac C. Ketler, Grove City, Pa.

Farmers Valley Items.

Alfred Stratton's children are reported as having whooping cough.

Bert Stratton lost a yearling colt last week. The animal was killed by lightning.

V. J. McGill lost his big three-year-old stallion one day last week. Mr. Leet of Turtle Point had the horse in charge. The animal was taken sick between midnight and 4 o'clock a. m. and was dead before 7 a. m. It is claimed that symptoms of poison were shown.

Miss Laura E. Otto came home from Eldred last Thursday, bringing with her a case of measles which show up quite clearly at this writing. Health Officer Ostrander has put up notice of same at her home, which places quarantine very noticeably before the public.

Mrs. Catherine Austin and Miss Isabelle Robarts of Ceres visited at the home of H. D. Otto last week for a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Beckwith were visiting friends in Smethport last Sunday.

Harry and Enda Ferman visited their sister, Mrs. D. C. Rice last Sunday.

Miss Lethia Stull of Portville, N. Y., is visiting friends in the Valley.

Mrs. A. Spencer has gone to Glendora, Cal. Her son, E. A. Spencer, writes that she arrived safe and stood the trip first rate.

The sales of cheese at the Coryville factory the first half of June netted the patrons $1.25 per hundred for their milk.

YORK STATE TORNADO.

It is Alleged to Have Played Funny Pranks Near North Tonowanda.

This comes from North Tonowanda, N. Y.: Just preceding an electrical storm that prevailed late Saturday afternoon a small tornado swept through the country about three miles north of the Tonowandas, doing considerable damage, but as far as could be learned no one was seriously injured. One narrow escape is reported.

The strength of the tornado was sufficient to topple down fences, uproot threes, scatter crops and perform amazing stunts.

One of the most startling incidents in connection with the storm took place when a load of hay, which Henry Schultz of the Nash road, was about to drive to the Tonowandas, was picked up with the farmer on top and carried into the air between 75 and 100 feet, and then swept along for fifteen or twenty rods before it gradually sank to the earth. As the hay dropped towards the ground it began to scatter and the amateur aviator was deposited on terra firma with only sufficient force to shake him up considerably. He sustained nothing more serious than bruises and a feeling of astonishment.

The most peculiar part of the occurrence was that the wagon and team of horses were not disturbed in the least. The load was swept clear of the rack. It was carried along so rapidly that Schultz hardly had time to collect his thoughts before he struck the ground with a thud.

The tornado came from the direction of the Niagara river and followed the Sawyer creek road, touching the earth at intervals, during which everything that it came in contact with suffered. Crops are reported to have suffered extensively wherever the storm hit.

NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of Aaron Hellman, Bankrupt.

No. 5333 in Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Aaron Hellman of Clermont in the County of McKean, and district aforesaid, Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1910, the said Aaron Hellamn was duly adjudicated a bankrupt and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, No. 7 Main Street, Bradford, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Monday, August 15th, 1910, at eleven o'clock a. m., at which time the creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

THOMAS B. WILSON,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

July 19, 1910. 1t

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

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A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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Brain-fag

Night work—over work—head pains and aches, neuralgic and sympathetic pains.

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

No bad after effects. Does not affect the heart. Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books, Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Frank Merriwill's Medal Library, Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

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DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.

Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the waute of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINK

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JULY SALE ON ALL

Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95

$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15

$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES

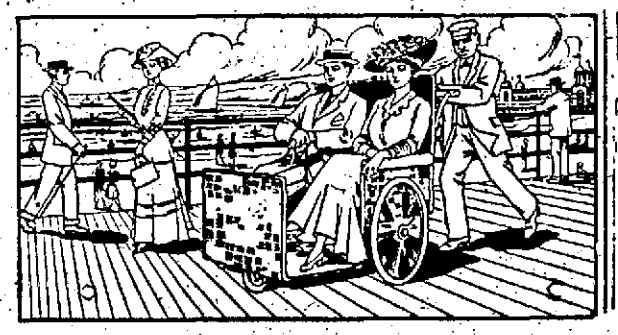
FULL VALUE

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

FIFTEEN-DAY EXCURSIONS

July 29, August 10 and 19, and September 2, 1910

ATLANTIC CITY CAPE MAY

Wildwood, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City N. J.

$10.60 from Smethport

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent

Full information regarding leaving of trains on which tickets will be accepted may be obtained of Ticket Agents, or R. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. B. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

ALL MILLINERY at 1-2 price

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CREL OIL THE MONEY SAVER FOR THE DAIRY MAN.

It keeps the flies away and destroys contagious disease germs.

For sale at

Daly & Garlick.

HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1910.

Local and General.

—It looks as though Smethport was off the circus map this year.

—The residence of Ward Means on Green street is being repainted.

—Potnona Grange will hold its next meeeting at Farmers Valley on August 3rd.

—The farce, "A Case of Suspension" will be presented at the M. E. chapel to-night.

—The Sunday school of the M. E. church is holding a picnic at Island park to-day.

—Motion court will convene at the court house in this borough at 2 p. m. this afternoon.

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton gave a bridge whist party at her home on Water street last evening.

—The Fifth Annual Reunion of the Beckwith family will be held at Rock City on August 3rd.

—The Smethport Gas Co. is putting down a well on their holdings on Prospect Hill, near this borough.

—Manager Booth of the Case Cutlery Company will move his family to Warren in the near future.

—Miss Irma Wells entertained a number of young ladies Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Ellsworth.

—Mrs. Harry L. Backus entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on East Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The I. O. O. F. band will give a band concert in the band stand on the court house lawn at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, weather permitting.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer entertained a large party of ladies at bridge whist last Thursday afternoon at her home on East Main street.

—Make your plans so you can come to the great McKean County Fair & Races on the first day and stay until the last. The dates are September 6, 7, 8 & 9.

—Some of the machinery which passed through the recent fire at the cutlery works was not damaged to any great extent and is being placed in repair at the Backus Novelty works.

—The Norwich Gas Co. has purchased J. C. Backus' automobile "Dutchy" for the use of C. C. Choate who has charge of that company's business. He now makes daily trips to the lease and lines.

—The Travellers' Club are having plans drawn for a large number of improvements to be made on their club house. It is expected that the work will be started next week and be completed by fall.

—Mele Irons, son of Gideon Irons, who has been at the Bradford hospital for several weeks past suffering from a complication of diseases has been brought home. He is in a precarious condition.

—A party composed of Mesdames T. H. Morrison, R. C. Gleason, J. V. McAlpin, Misses Edith McGuire, Dewly Davis, and Messrs. T. H. Morrison, John Ruffalo and Kenneth Mayo are camping on Lasher brook.

—Some of the advertising matter for this year's McKean County Fair & Races has arrived and is being distributed throughout the county. Frank Dunbar left this morning in the fair automobile on an advertising trip and will visit Kane and Ludlow.

—Miss Alberta Cory of Coryville entertained a large number of young ladies of this borough at a house party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cory at Coryville from Friday of last week until Monday. On Sunday a number of young gentelmen from this place drove to the Cory home and spent the day, dinner being served to 30. All those in attendance report a most enjoyable time and loud in their praise of the hospitality of the Cory home.

—There has been considerable complaint of late about the large amount of noise on our streets late Saturday nights and we have been requested to invite the police to give the upper and lower ends of Main street a little more attention. Numerous Saturday night celebrants seem to think it is their duty to awaken the entire population of either the upper or lower end of town as they make their uncertain homeward journeys. This should be stopped at once.

—A short scrap was pulled off on Main street late Saturday night. The combat was brought to a sudden termination when one of the combatants by a few well directed blows brought his antagonist to earth. The defeated gladiator yelled loud and lustily with the result that Officer McCarthy was attracted to the scene and the disturber was placed under arrest. He was quartered in the borough lock-up for the night, and after a hearing before Burgess Cleveland Sunday morning was released.

—The Travellers' club will enjoy a picnic next Saturday afternoon on the spacious lawn surrounding the residence of H. C. Wells on Cemetery street. The ladies of the club will have as their guests on the occasion, their husbands. Various games will be on the afternoon's program to while away the time and at 5 o'clock refreshments will be served. Elaborate preparations are being made for the event which promises to be a most successful one. The committee having the arrangements is Mrs. D. C. Young, Mrs. F. W. Brownell and Mrs. T. H. Purtle.

—May and November were romantically wedded at South Norwalk, Conn., on Monday, when Miss Carrie May Glover, the comely daughter of ex-Mayor and Mrs. Charles L. Glover, was married to Mr. Theodore L. Adams, who was best man at the wedding of the bride's father. Mr. Adams is a wealthy, retired business man of Redding and is 75 years of age, while his bride is slightly past twenty. The ceremony was a quiet family affair. The father of the bride not only giving her away but returning the compliment of forty-five years ago and acting as best man for the bridegroom.

—Hereafter when a person sends a registered letter or parcel he will not get a return receipt card unless such matter bears the endorsement "Receipt desired," or words of similar import. The postmaster general under date of July 11, has issued orders to this effect to all postmasters in accordance with the amendment to the postal laws and regulations which is as follows: "Whenever the sender shall so request a receipt shall be taken on the delivery of any registered mail matter showing to whom and when the same was delivered, which receipt shall be returned to the sender, and be received in courts as prima facie evidence of such delivery."

—The feat of the man who stole a red-hot stove has been outdone by some one, presumably a resident of Pinegrove township, Venango county, who, on Saturday night, stole and got clear away with 10 live skunks, the property of Fritz Zeigler, whose home is near Linesville, that county. Zeigler caught a pair of old skunks early in the spring and about two months ago the female gave birth to a litter of 10. They were all black in color and Zeigler decided to raise skunks for profit, using the young ones as the nucleus of the industry. With this object, he handled the young ones daily until they were as tame as kittens, and this fact made it easy for the thief to make a safe get-away.

—John Mundy, former editor of the Coudersport Democrat, but who for the past two years has been connected with the Evening Independent, Ashtabula, Ohio, is now editor of that paper, being promoted to that capacity upon the retirement of E. J. Hancock, the former editor and manager. John's host of friends in this section will be pleased to note the recognition his exceptional newspaper ability is gaining.

—Last Saturday night two young men residing near Smethport got into a little scrap in town and on Monday one of the contestants came to this office to insert a lost notice for his watch. The next day we received word not to insert the advertisement as the watch had been found. The young man who had mixed it with him had unconsciously got the watch in his possession and when he found he had taken it he sent it to his adversary.

—Harold McCarthy, who sustained three fractures of his lower jaw in the recent automobile accident has had another set-back. The young man recovered to such an extent as to be able to be about the streets, but last Saturday he was again confined to his home by the forming of two abcesses on his face over one of the fractures. One of the two abcesses, located on the inside of his mouth has broken and it is not yet known whether or not it will be necessary to lance the other which is located on the outside. While Mr. McCarthy is laid up by the abcesses and suffers great pain, it is not anticipated that they will cause any complications that will prevent the knitting of the fractures, which have hitherto been mending nicely. The many friends of this young man, who is having more than his share of affliction, will unite in the hope that he will speedily recover from his set-back.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Andrew Hanley was an Olean visitor yesterday.

F. H. Hungiville was a Buffalo business visitor this week.

S. D. Lemen returned home yesterday from Dansville, N. Y.

Dr. E. R. Baker of Erie spent Sunday with friends in town.

Robert O'Rielly of Pittsburg is visiting relatives in this section.

Donald Hungerford of Bolivar, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and children are visiting friends in York, N. Y.

Mrs. F. G. Lindholm of Greensburg, Pa., is the guest of friends in town.

Miss Pauline Logue of Pittsburg is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Purtle.

Miss Mary Glenn of Pittsburg is the guest of Mrs. Henry Hamlin this week.

Miss Nellie Strong of Friendship is visiting her brother, E. W. Strong, and family.

Miss Lillian Booth returned home Saturday from a short visit with Bradford friends.

Mrs. May Kerns of Buffalo is visiting in town this week.

Mrs. Maud Hussey of Charlestown, N. C., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Mayme Colegrove left Tuesday morning for Erie on a two weeks' visit.

Miss Marie Redaker of Philadelphia arrived here on Monday and is a guest of J. W. Lee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker left this morning for Frog Camp where they will spend a few days.

Scott F. Redfield and J. L. Morrison left in the former's automobile for Buffalo on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Helmer of Washington, D. C., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove.

Mrs. Lilgendahl and son, Carlton, returned Saturday from Chicago where they have been visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick returned home Monday from an automobile trip to Youngsville and other points.

Miss Anna Berry was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog, this week, returning home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie drove here in their touring car on Sunday, returning home Monday.

Misses Lydia, Freda and Florence Steinwedel of Baltimore are visiting Mrs. R. C. Sasse and family, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gifford and family of Chicago are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford, of King street.

Miss Pauline Ellsworth of Bradford, who has been the guest of Miss Irma Wells for the past week, returned to her home on Monday.

Mrs. Elvira Chadwick who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Carlson, left for her home in Niagara Falls, N. Y., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smart and daughter, Miss Marguerite, who have been visiting here for some time left for their home in Uniontown to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Baldin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Backus of Smethport were in the city last evening, making the trip in a touring car.—Bradford Era.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford who were the guests of Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey, returned to their home yesterday.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

Adopted by Smethport Circle, No. 23, P. H. C.

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in His infinite wisdom, to take into His Sacred keeping our beloved sisters, Alice Reed and Alice Leach, be it

Resolved, that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our dear sisters who have been called from their labors to rest.

Resolved, that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the families of the deceased in this their great sorrow, and commend them for consolation to Him who does all things for the best.

Resolved, that a copy of this tribute our sympathy and sorrow be entered on the minutes of our Circle, a copy sent to each of the bereaved families, and published in our town papers.

JOHN CARLEN,
MOLLIE PIERCE,
IDA KEARNEY.

Stove Lifters.

Customer—Do you keep stove lifters in here?

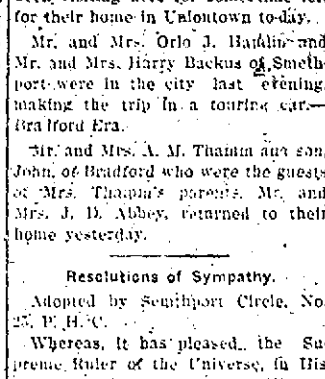
Grocer's Clerk—Not the iron ones, madam. But we can give you a pint of kerosene.—Boston Transcript.

Ebony Repartee.

Mistah Cole—Whah you gwine at, huh? Mistah Dusky—I's gwine at whah I's gwine at—dat's whah I's gwine at! —Puck.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WM. MONHEIMER.



Hot Heads

can be kept cool if you wear one of

Our Straw Hats

$1.39

will buy any $2.00, $2.50 or $3.00 Straw Hat in the store. Your size is here now—but if you wait you will loose a bargain.

MONHEIMER'S

House Journal Patterns. Holeproof Hose

FRY & COMES.

CLEARANCE SALE Of WOOLTEX SUITS and SKIRTS

A Saving of 1-3 of regular prices

Our complete stock of Ladies Wooltex Suits, Coats and Skirts goes on sale this week at a reduction of one third from regular prices.

This includes all the late spring styles in voiles, panamas, serges and novelty weaves in black and prevailing colors.

There's a good assortment of sizes and a variety of models for the early comers – a finely tailored garment of the Wooltex reputation at a price scarcely more than the bare cost of materials is a bargain you should not let go by, so be on hand Friday morning for the first pick.

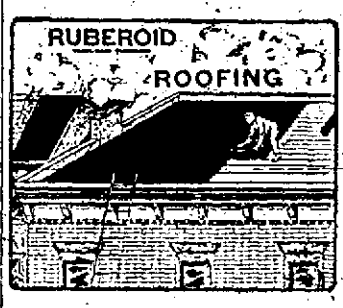
Regular prices range from $5.50 to $25.00.

During the sale you may have your choice at from $3.67 to $16.67.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 30c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.

Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,

Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Sadie American, president of the New York Council of Jewish Women, spoke at the Jewish international conference recently held in London.

Miss Eva Canfield is said to be the only ferry woman in the northwestern states. A license to operate a toll ferry on Salmon river has been granted to her.

After forty years on Broadway, Apple Kate, who has sold fruit on the pavement outside of St. Paul's church since the days when Barnum's museum was one of New York's landmarks just across the way, has become a bride.

Edith Allen Belcher, granddaughter nine generations removed from the Puritan maiden Priscilla, has been married at the age of twenty-eight to John Van Beal, a well known Boston lawyer, who is approaching his sixty-eighth birthday and lived a few doors away from the residence of the bride.

Mrs. Sol Smith, the actress, who at eighty years is still actively engaged in her profession and who recently celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, said the other day, "I did not begin my stage career in my early youth, as some suppose, but took up the work when, at the age of thirty-two, I was left a widow with six children, for whose support I was responsible."

Fly Catches.

Catcher McLean of the Cincinnati Reds says that the new pitcher purchased from Chicago, Bill Burns, has the best slow ball that he ever saw a left hander display.

Fred Tenney's contract with the Lowell club of the New England league is as a player only, and it is stipulated that he will be released at the end of the season.

Outfielder Davy Jones of the Detroit Tigers is surely having his third lease of life. He never played better ball and is getting on the bases oftener than any other man in the game.

Jake Daubert of Brooklyn is the classiest young first baseman who has broken into the league since the advent of Dick Hoblitzel. He is very quick, is a wonderful handler of thrown balls and a dangerous left handed batsman.

The Aeroplane.

Japan is carrying on important experiments in aviation, but observes great secrecy on the subject.

The Australian minister of defense has offered $25,000 for the invention of an efficient aeroplane by an Australian.

One of the most ingenious French aviators is trying out a combined dirigible balloon and aeroplane, a cigar shaped gas bag helping to raise and support the machine.

A writer in the London Graphic figures out that it costs about $5,000 before the ordinary individual can attempt to fly, this sum including not only the aeroplane itself, but a shelter for the flying machine, tools needed for the countless repairs, etc.

Short Stories.

About one-fourth of the men in the navy at the present time have re-enlisted.

The first ice skating rink ever built in Mexico is expected to be in full swing by Aug. 1. It is in the City of Mexico.

It is estimated that the total circulation of all the newspapers in the world is 12,000,000,000 copies—enough papers to cover 10,450 square miles of surface.

The largest college fraternity in this country is the Phi Delta Theta, with the Delta Kappa Epsilon a close second. Beta Theta Pi is third. The membership of each is about 17,000.

Town Topics.

Baltimore can endure cobblestone paving for years to come, but let us hope it won't be necessary.—Baltimore American.

The New York zoo's bruins have not laughed for two years. You get awfully blase if you live in New York that long.—Cleveland Leader.

Good water has driven typhoid fever out of the city. It cost money, but the result was worth the expense. Similarly in time, by hearty co-operation of all the forces, tuberculosis may be driven out.—Columbus Dispatch.

German Gleanings.

There are no deserted farms in Germany.

A pretentious electric plant near Hamburg, Germany, is driven by a windmill.

The German army boasts the best health record of all the world's fighting forces.

Germany's chemical exports form the most profitable of all the industrial lines comprised in her outgoing commerce.

Science Siftings.

There are more than 2,000 miles of tubing in the average human body.

The sun will continue to give out its present amount of heat for 30,000,000 years.

German physicians have found the Roentgen rays useful as an aid to antitoxin in killing the diphtheria poison.

In experiments with high power explosives used in guns British scientific men have used Chronoscopes, with which it is possible to register time to the millionth of a second.

SIRES AND SONS.

Charley No Shirt is the name of the chief of the Walla Walla Indians in the Umatilla reservation.

A. A. Aall for many years held the distinction of having his name appear first in the St. Louis directory, but this year he slips to seventh place.

The chief justice of the supreme court of South Africa, Sir John Henry de Villiers, has been made a baron by King George, the first exercise of the royal prerogative in adding to the peerage.

John Hays, twenty-six years old, tried to enlist in the United States navy at Evansville, Ind., but lacked one pound of the necessary weight. He went outside, drank a gallon of water, returned to the recruiting station and was accepted.

Paulhan, the French aviator, pronounces his name as if it were written "Pauyan" and not "Paulan." The name of another magnate of the flying world, Archdeacon, offers still greater difficulties to the French tongue, and it is said to be rare to find two Frenchmen in a company pronouncing it the same way.

Captain Cameron McRae Winslow, now federal supervisor of New York harbor, as Lieutenant Winslow in 1898 led the little party of volunteers that undertook to cut the Cuban cables off Cienfuegos, that the Spanish forces on the island might have no means of communication with the home country. By many critics and some historians this act has been called the bravest of the Spanish war.

Current Comment.

Soon it may be necessary to give the Interstate commerce commission jurisdiction over aeroplanes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Every little while some rich American coming home from Europe gets through the custom house at New York without a squabble or a scandal.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There are 400,000 members of building and loan associations in Pennsylvania alone, representing that number of home builders. What do the cliff dwellers of New York think of that?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Chicago judge proposes as a cure for the automobile evil that autoists be compelled to give bond for the payment of damages to persons or their heirs. The old difficulty of first catching your automobilist would spoil this recipe, as it has others for catching and cooking this fleet hare.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Royal Box.

The late King Edward VII. was the first ruler of the new dynasty, the house of Saxe-Coburg.

There exists in Germany a superstition that the empire will be overthrown when the emperor has seven sons. William II. has six.

King George was the twelfth holder of the title of Duke of York and the eighteenth holder of the English title of Prince of Wales since its creation in 1301.

King Albert, the new monarch of Belgium, devotes two hours every day to the study of mechanical engineering. He drives his own automobile, and, what is more, he can repair it when anything gets out of order.

Train and Track.

There are 99,000 miles of railways in the British empire.

In crossing this continent a railway car has actually to be lifted or raised a vertical distance of more than two miles.

The Great Western, the largest railway system in England, operates with all its leased lines over 3,000 miles and has 2,596 locomotives.

The Prussian state railways have built a huge tank into which a car may be run and sealed for complete disinfection, both inside and out, by formalin gas.

Healthograms.

No spit—no consumption.

When you must drink, drink Adam's ale.

Summer—the time to shun meats and take to vegetables.

An uncongenial occupation warps the body and withers the soul.

To relieve worry and sleeplessness take a bath—hot followed by cold.

Dirty milk is better food for bacteria than it for babies.—Dr. W. A. Evans, Chicago's Health Commissioner.

Tales of Cities.

The city of Detroit now manufactures more automobiles than any other city in the world.

Manhattan Island has three reservoirs, two in Central park and one at High Bridge.

Salem, O., has a big sign at the depot telling the traveler that it is the home of various important industries, all of which are listed on the board.

English Etchings.

Since the work of rat destruction began at the port of London in 1901 606,110 rats have been killed.

The London city policemen get from $6.56 to $10.33 a week. An extra allowance for coal is granted in winter and uniforms are furnished free.

The traffic in rough diamonds is centered in London, as nearly the entire product of the mines of the Cape of Good Hope is in the hands of a powerful syndicate there, from which the manufacturers are obliged to buy.

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

If Was the Chance of a Lifetime, and She Made the Most of It.

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of twenty-five feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still."

She advanced upon him and, poking the muzzle of the gun in his face, reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in."

The burglar obediently stepped inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman.

He sat down.

She got a huge ball of heavy cord from her bureau and spent the next twenty minutes in tying him up.

Then she pointed out of the window. "Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thought you would carry away my silver in it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who had been hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes. Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

The woman began cutting his cords.

"I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyesores that we have had in the house for these many years," she said merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card parties, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."—Life.

CURE FOR LOSS OF MEMORY.

Case of an American Woman Married Abroad and an Accent.

"Nothing disgusts me more," said a woman who goes abroad every summer, "than to meet in Europe Americans who seem to be ashamed of their own language. I have often come across them, but a woman I met in Carlsbad last year took the palm.

"She was introduced to me as the Countess Komoffsky or some name that sounded like that. She married a Russian or a Pole about three years before, and so far as I can gather she had hardly been any nearer Europe than a New York table d'hote before that time. She looked American, but her English was all broken into bits. She did not even say 'the,' but pronounced it 'ze.' She had great difficulty in recollecting phrases, and the result at times was a lot of French.

"Next morning I was breakfasting in the Kaiserpark with a party of shawl wrapped Americans who had drunk the requisite number of glasses from the Sprudel or the Marktbrunnen and had walked out according to prescription. One of those at the table was a New York physician who is none the less popular because he is frank in speech almost to brutality and will not stand for affectation. The countess came along and was invited to join the party. The doctor, it turned out, had known her since she was a child.

"Somebody asked her a question, and she started to reply with that accent of hers. I saw the doctor fidget. Then she made another remark in half French. The doctor said something that sounded like a swear. Then he blurted out:

"'For heaven's sake, Maria Smith, you don't mean to say that three years in Europe have made you forget your native tongue?'

"There was a hush, and then some of the women in the party smiled, but when the countess next spoke it was in purest United States.—New York Sun.

Hard to Check.

It was the young hubby's first tour through the big department store.

"What room is that?" he asked innocently when they reached the second floor.

"Why, that is where they check babies," elucidated his wife.

And then young hubby looked at the struggling infant in his arms and the buttons and pins it had dislocated and said simply:

"I wish they'd try to check this one."—Chicago News.

A Scientific Classification.

"Now, children," says the dear teacher, "I have explained to you how yeast grows until it is full of cells. Which little boy or girl will tell me the kingdom to which yeast belongs?"

The little wise boy lifted his hand.

"You may tell, Johnny."

"The criminal kingdom, teacher."—Chicago Tribune.

What Bothered Him.

"My son, never be afraid to tell the truth."

"I ain't, pa. What bothers me is how to tell a lie without being afraid."—Cleveland Leader.

On Being a Hero.

Any man with $5 in his pocket can be a hero to the fellow who wants to borrow that much.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Human judgment is dulce, and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

Mr. Stroke

A Boating Story In Which There Is a Mystery.

By KINGSBURY WELCH.

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We were sitting in a room above where the boats were kept, in easy chairs, all university men, talking about boating incidents, oarsmen and the paraphernalia for rowing. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, principally from pipes, the students' favorite smoke. We had met to talk over preparations for the coming season, which was soon to begin. Having finished that subject, we dropped, as I have said, into general chat on aquatic subjects and from this into stories of feats that had been performed at contests on the water in days gone by. A college, being a constantly changing community, is not a good place for handing down legends, but occasionally a graduate will return to tell of some episode that happened in his day and was at the time the talk of the institution.

We had with us on this occasion a man who had dropped in unannounced, remarking that he was a graduate of the college of ten years' standing and had in his day been a member of the university crew. He must have been graduated very young, for he looked scarcely thirty. A cast or some imperfection in his eye gave him an uncanny look, and from the moment of his appearance he was a damper on our spirits.

"These old men," whispered Tomkins, a sophomore, to me, "who were in college before the flood are a nuisance. They're always trying to feel that they are in their teens again, and they only succeed in making us feel as old as they are."

"Did you ever pull in a regatta?" I asked the alumnus.

"Yes," was the reply, "I pulled in one."

"What year was that?" I inquired.

"It's not a pleasant subject to talk about; we lost the race."

"To what did you attribute the failure?" asked one of our number. "There is always a reason for every boating crew gets. One time it is the stroke, another the training, another the cockswain."

"I was the cause of the failure on that occasion," replied the stranger.

Never were words spoken in a more melancholy tone. There was not a man in the party who did not take his pipe out of his mouth, fix his eyes on the speaker and feel a cold chill pass over him. The stranger continued:

"We had been beaten by our great rival in two successive seasons, and for this regatta had made every preparation, taken every precaution to secure a triumph. We had the best coach the country afforded, a new boat made on the most approved model, our system of training was perfect and our practice constant. The betting began at 3 to 2 on our crew, and before the race was on there were no takers at 2 to 1.

"The day of the race was beautiful; not a cloud in the sky; just enough breeze with plenty of ozone in it for invigoration. When the hour for the race came the temperature was quite hot enough to limber our joints and muscles.

"The scene along the river banks was entrancing. The bright colors of the girls' dresses and parasols made a perfect flower garden, while on the river boats bearing both girls and boys were shooting back and forth like water sprites.

"When we went out on the floating platform to get into the boat there was a mighty cheer from our backers that I can hear to this day. Babcock was No. 1, Ayer 2, Cameron 3, Bosworth 4, Willmarth 5, Frost 6, Mayo 7."

"Singular," remarked one of us, "that you should remember their names so well."

"I shall never forget them."

"You left out the stroke," I said.

"I was the stroke."

Why it was that none of us could muster pluck to ask the man his name I don't know. We all wished to know it, but not a man chirped.

"We stepped into the boat," continued the stranger, "stripped to the waist. Eight good men with not a pound of fat on any of us and in all other respects in perfect condition. I had for months been absorbed in what had now come. For it my studies had been neglected, and I would have to 'bone' all summer to make up conditions. But I cared nothing for that. My whole soul was merged in the idea of beating our opponents.

"We pulled into position, the shot was fired, and we made a good start on the first trial, our boat half a length behind over the line. But we made this up within a minute and were soon half a length ahead. I heard none of the wild cheers. I saw neither the boat, the water nor the shore dotted with waving handkerchiefs. I was conscious only of the mighty effort I was making to get the boat over the course. Once only I saw drops of water tossed into the air when the oar blade of one of our opponents struck the surface instead of sinking to its proper depth. I would not have been conscious of this had it not been that such splashing would retard the other boat.

"We gained steadily, turning the stake boat. It was that kind of a course—two lengths ahead. As we began to pull back down the course I felt sure of winning. I was conscious of the wild cheering and waving. It may be that we all somewhat relaxed at this time. At any rate, our opponents, having turned the stake boat behind us, made a spurt and overhauled us. Then down again we got to work and had gained three lengths—quite enough considering there was but a quarter of a mile remaining—to give us the race, when"—

The narrator stopped, a pallor came over his face, and he gasped. Several of us started toward him, but he waved us back.

"—something in me gave way. I fell over into the arms of No 7. Our competitors shot by us and won the race."

I have never experienced such a depressing, not to say thrilling, sensation as when the narrative ended. While the narrator was describing the race it seemed as if I could see the boats dashing onward and hear the cheering. When he spoke of the disaster somehow my imagination pictured blood spouting from his mouth and nose. Not a man among us but appeared to be similarly shocked.

"Come," said one of our number, "let's adjourn to the —— and get some supper."

"Agreed!" cried the rest, glad to break the spell and eager for something to brace us after listening to the weird narrative.

We went out into the darkness, the stranger with us. When we reached the —— some one asked, "Where's Mr —Mr. Stroke?"

"Don't know," replied one behind. "I thought he was ahead with you fellows."

Every one thought he was with some one else.

Mr. Stroke, as we called him, had evidently taken advantage of the darkness to steal away unobserved. We were quite relieved at his doing so. The effect of his story was, to say the least, depressing, and we were glad to get rid of him. We ordered some supper and while waiting for it talked about him, wondering who he could have been and what race it was that he had lost for his crew. Since he had not given us his name, we did not feel that we possessed sufficient data upon which to make inquiries.

As the season advanced we forgot all about Mr. Stroke and his story. I was much interested in the coming regatta and the preparations for it, though I was not a member of the university crew. Our college had been doing bad work at boating for a long period. In ten years I think we had beaten our principal adversary but twice. This year we hoped for and expected better things. All went well till the day of the race, when one of the crew fell suddenly ill and could not row. Unfortunately all the available material had been utilized. There were substitutes galore, but the man who had dropped out was one of the two most important men of the crew. To put any one in his place would be to surely lose the race.

A few minutes before the crews went out to the water I asked about the substitute and was told that a freshman was to row. I could not learn how or why he had been chosen, but, wishing to have a look at him, I went down on to the float. The men were getting into the boat. The substitute's face was familiar to me, but I could not tell where I had seen him. Then suddenly it rushed upon me that he was the man we had called Mr. Stroke.

Had a freshman been smart enough to sell us all out as a graduate of ten years' standing with a marvelous story of which he was the central figure?

I took a position where I could see the race all the way and had with me a powerful fieldglass. Our crew took the lead almost immediately after the start. I noticed when the crew got into the boat the substitute took the place of No. 6. All through the race I could see that, while he did not appear to be making a herculean effort, he was doing splendid work. Our crew kept the lead they had taken, gradually but slowly drawing away from their competitors. From a length it grew to two lengths, then three lengths, and at the finish the race was won by five and a half lengths.

Never had we been beaten by such odds. I questioned the crew as to how it happened, for our adversaries had made better time than ever before, and was told that it was all on account of the substitute. Every time he put his oar in the water the boat seemed to move forward, whether the rest of the crew exerted themselves or not.

I became interested in the freshman substitute. Determined to find out more about him, I made inquiries. But it was at the close of the term, with the summer vacation ahead, and I discovered nothing. Returning in the autumn, I looked for him among the sophomores. He was not to be found. Some said he had not returned to college. The singular feature of the case was that I couldn't learn his name. I went to the man who was responsible for his acceptance on the crew and found him disposed to hush the matter up. He admitted to me that the proceeding had been irregular, that the substitute had come to him at the last minute, begged hard to be accepted and promised to win the race if allowed to pull. My informant said that he had acted hastily, taking the man's own representation that he was in college. Of course where there are several thousand undergraduates one is not expected to know them all.

It now occurred to me to examine the college record of the man we had dubbed Mr. Stroke. I went to the register and made inquiries about the race in which he had figured. The records mentioned the names of the crew he had given, his own being Champlin.

"That race," said my informant, "was lost by Champlin's breaking a blood vessel and dying in the boat."

State.
Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheet.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Buxton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Ridgeway.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Straley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders'n, Clermont; A. H. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—L. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—A. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—G. H. Poole.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Duggan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
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The Hero of Pond Point

A Disappointment at a Fourth of July Celebration.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"Hi, Jared!" called First Selectman Foster. "Found the grave yet?"

"Reckon I have," replied the sexton. "Ann Bassett says it's the grave of Theron Bassett."

After a century of somnolence the town of Pond Point awoke to the realisation that its name was not written large on the page of the nation's history. Indeed, it did not appear at all. Other towns and villages in the state boasted of bullet scarred edifices, historical taverns and many dwellings wherein had slumbered the immortal Washington or the beloved Lafayette.

It had remained for Dr. Liscom to unearth or at least to disclose the identity of a real hero of the Revolutionary war. In his genealogical researches the good doctor had come across the mention of one Theron Bassett of Pond Point, who had enlisted and afterward died fighting on the 27th of August, 1776, in the battle of Long Island.

Notwithstanding the fact that Theron Bassett had appeared to be the only patriotic soul among the hundreds that had populated Pond Point in those early days, with commendable ardor Pond Point decided upon a celebration upon the following Fourth of July. This celebration was to come as a thunderclap upon the neighboring towns, which had openly jeered at Pond Point in days gone by.

There was to be a grand parade and speechmaking on the green where the churches formed a triangle. There was to be an oration at the grave delivered by the first selectman himself, followed by the sounding of "taps" over the resting place of the neglected hero. Then there was to be a picnic in the grove, with free ice cream and gorgeous fireworks in the evening. Other towns and villages would come and see and envy.

At last the honor of Pond Point was to be vindicated. Dr. Liscom had a cousin who knew a man who was a reporter on a New York paper. This reporter was enjoying his annual vacation, but he had reluctantly consented to appear. Had he known what was in store for him he might have accepted the assignment with more grace.

The eventful morning dawned warm and muggy, with the promise of intense heat later on.

"This is a proud day for Pond Point," remarked Dr. Liscom as he prepared to enter the carriage drawn up at the sidewalk.

"The greatest day ever," responded the first selectman, pulling nervously at his huge cigar. "We've been waiting a long time, doctor, but today we'll show some of those other fellows what Pond Point can do! They say there's a big crowd from Leetown and Scatterbrook up at the green now." He panted into a seat beside the doctor and fumbled at the roll of manuscript in his pocket.

In the carriages were three clergymen of varying doctrines; the Enright brothers, lawyers, and men of standing in the community; a superannuated senator who was a relative of the Enights and the orator of the day; the committee on celebration, and, lastly, the reporter from New York, who sat dejectedly beside Hiram James of the Pond Point Clarion, rather bored at the whole proceeding.

Up the long street, around the corner by the postoffice and up the incline to the village green, where the schoolhouse and three churches stood in neighborly proximity. Here they paused and formed a semicircle about the platform which had been erected.

Dr. Liscom arose and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—This is a proud day for Pond Point! For the first time in her history she is able to stand side by side with her patriotic sister towns and to enthusiastically commemorate the Declaration of our independence and to honor the memory of one who fought and died for that liberty and who, through a strange oversight, has been too long permitted to rest in an unknown grave," etc.

Jared Wilson wheeled a small cannon into position, and the minister doffed his long, white hand and bowed his head, and there was silence while he prayed.

First Selectman Jefferson Foster came forward when the prayer was ended. His round, red face was redder than usual, and when he removed his stiff hat beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He took the roll of manuscript from his pocket and surveyed the company with a wavering eye. When his glance met the slightly contemptuous smile of the reporter from New York he started violently and unrolled his papers nervously.

The first selectman was suffering sinfully from stage fright. He looked at the opening lines of his carefully prepared speech and then concentrated his gaze upon a solitary vehicle wending its way slowly up the dusty road.

"Friends and fellow country men," began the selectman in a husky growl, "this is a great occasion—a great occasion," he repeated, confidently evading a cynical gleam in the reporter's eye, for which we are indebted to our learned townsman, Dr. Liscom." Jefferson Foster's eye wandered again and encountered the grinning reporter's face. "A hero is sleeping in our midst. Today we are to honor the bravery and daring of our esteemed citizen Theron Bassett, killed on the field of duty. A year hence we hope to erect a suitable monument to his memory"—

There was a rustle of excitement on the outskirts of the crowd where the vehicle that had crawled up the dusty road had halted. A woman's voice, rising high above the tumult, angry and expostulating, interrupted the selectman's speech. "I tell you I'm going up front! This thing has got to be stopped!"

A murmur of indignation followed the speaker as she pushed her way through the crowd and finally emerged into the open space about the grave. She was a tall, rawboned woman, with strongly marked features and iron gray hair drawn tightly back from her forehead.

"What do you mean by this disturbance, madam?" asked Dr. Liscom severely.

"My name's Bassett," she replied, with a little clicking movement of her teeth.

The reporter took a notebook from his pocket and reflectively sharpened a pencil.

"Bassett!" repeated the doctor affably. "Then I am sure you are a relative of the hero whose dust lies under this mound. We would have included you among our honored guests had we known there was a living descendant of Theron Bassett, who"—

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted the woman rudely.

The reporter scribbled busily in his notebook. The first selectman's mouth hardened.

"What do you mean, madam?" asked Dr. Liscom patiently.

"I mean that I just heard this morning that you Pond Point folks were going to hold a celebration over this grave, and I came over here from my home in Leetown to stop these sacrilegious proceedings!" She looked triumphantly about her, while the people gasped. Leetown was a mine of historic wealth; Washington's headquarters, noted taverns where he had slept, birthplace of a hundred heroes—Leetown had more than its share of honor.

"What—do you mean by 'sacrilegious?'" There was utter silence as Dr. Liscom asked this question.

"I'll tell you, sir! Theron Bassett was my ancestor—he wasn't anything but a drummer boy, anyway, and he deserted from the army before the battle of Long Island! He lived to be ninety years old, and he died from sunstroke. He's buried over to Leetown, and they're holding some kind of a powwow over his grave this very minute, I do believe!" She snorted contemptuously as she faced the dismayed throng.

"We were misinformed, then," cried the first selectman, glaring angrily at Dr. Liscom, who in turn fixed an accusing eye upon the discomfited Knights.

The reporter chuckled gleefully as he scribbled, and for a few minutes there was no sound save the sharp breathing of the committee and the rustle of turning pages. Jefferson Foster wondered helplessly what the scribe might be jotting down against his future peace and dignity.

"Yes, you are misinformed," returned the woman sarcastically. "This grave," indicating the decorated mound with a sweep of her mittened hand, "does not contain the dust of any of my ancestors, though it is the grave of a HERO! This first grave with the weeping willow on the stone is Great-great-mother Bassett's, the next is great-grandfather's, and this one under the wall, which you have made so gay and this gentleman has been declaiming over—this is the grave of HERO, great-grandfather's favorite dog. The old man thought a sight of him, and when the dog died he buried him here under the wall, and nobody knew anything about it. He always said Hero was as good a Christian as lots of folks he knew!"

She went amid a dead silence, and it was not until the dust from her carriage wheels had settled again that a faint chuckle from the visitors broke the constraint. Dr. Liscom covered the situation with a few words spoken with a twinkling eye:

"Pond Point seems fated to play a passive part in the history of her country. So be it! Let us be content to be good citizens, heroes in our humble way, and perhaps we may so conduct ourselves in time of national distress our descendants may honor our memories even as we would honor the memory of some great man! In the meantime I move that we adjourn to the picnic grove!"

Amid loud applause the gathering made its way to the grove, while the reporter replaced his notebook in his pocket and thanked the doctor for the privilege of attending such an interesting occasion, and the good doctor and other members of the committee swallowed hard when they saw the alert young man sprinting up the road to catch the noon train, for they knew that the honor of Pond Point was at the mercy of his pencil.

In the churchyard Jared Wilson surveyed the decorated mound in silence. Once he put forth his hand to tear the flags and flowers from their place, but he drew back.

"If he was a good dog the flags won't hurt him any," he muttered as he followed the committee to the picnic grove.

That fall when Jefferson Foster failed to secure the nomination for representative from his district he laid the entire blame upon the hero of Pond Point.

His Game Won.

In a campaign in Kansas some years ago, when the tariff was made a dominant issue, an old German was running for a county office in central Kansas. He didn't know enough about the tariff to talk about it two minutes. More than that, he didn't care much, for it had nothing whatever to do with the office he wanted anyway. But the voters were much excited over the question and seemed to think that every candidate should be able to discuss the problem from A to Izzard.

So this German and his campaign manager invented a successful subterfuge. When the German got up at the meetings to talk he would say: "Now, shentlemen, I vill talk mit you about der tariff. It is like"—

Just then his campaign manager would interrupt: "Why, John, you have only five minutes to talk. You cannot do yourself justice in that length of time on the tariff."

"Then I won't talk about dot tariff," would be John's inevitable reply, and he would go on to tell that he wanted a certain county office, and so on. His game won, and he was elected.—Kansas City Journal.

Wheat Does Not Grow Wild.

The existence of names for wheat in the most ancient languages confirms the evidence of its great antiquity and of its cultivation in the more temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. From the evidence adduced by botanists of high standing it seems highly improbable that wheat has ever been found growing persistently in a wild state, although it has often been asserted by poets, travelers and historians. In the "Odyssey," for example, we are told that wheat formerly grew in Sicily without the aid of man. Diodorus repeats the tradition that Osiris found wheat and barley growing promiscuously in Palestine, but neither this nor other reputed discoveries of wheat growing wild seem at all credible, seeing that it does not appear to be endowed with the power of persistency except under continued culture.

The Mind During Sleep.

"During sleep," says an authority on mental subjects, "the workings of the mind are under no control, and yet it seems to have a wonderful faculty of building up and arranging scenes and incidents. I remember once having a vivid dream of going into a house the furniture and inmates of which belonged to the middle ages. So clear was the dream that I had no difficulty in recalling it, and then as I went over each detail of dress, armor, jewelry, ornaments and other objects seen in my vision I realized that everything I had beheld was historically accurate—that is to say, that probably in a fraction of a second my mind had conjured up a scene to construct which, with the same faithfulness to detail, while awake would have taken me several hours."

The Use of Condiments.

In an article on the use of condiments the London Lancet, the foremost British medical publication, says:

"The classic experiments of Pawlow have shown how important is the role of the condiments in diet, how it is they improve appetite and increase digestive power. Mustard, pepper and salt, used, of course, in sensible amounts, assist the appetite, give a zest to food and partly by reflex action as well as local action stimulate the flow of digestive juices and insure healthy assimilation. Even vinegar is known to have a softening effect on tough fibers, and hence its use is justified in so many instances."

The English Pheasant.

It is claimed that the pheasant of the English preserves can trace its pedigree directly to the brilliant bird of the same species in Japan. About the middle of the nineteenth century a few live pheasants were brought from Japan and crossed with the common species. The result of this was, it is said, that a new race of birds was introduced, and the beautiful pheasant, with its iridescent plumage, was produced and naturalized as an English bird.

Coals of Fire.

"I thought," said he, "that those people treated you so badly, and now see! They invite you to their reception. Shall you go?"

"Why, certainly," said she. "Their inviting me showed they harbored no grudge against me for the way they treated me."—New York Press.

Well Answered.

"Oh, no; I don't claim to be any different or any brighter than the balance of mankind. I expect I shall marry some fool woman some of these days."

"If you ever marry that's the kind of a woman you will marry, all right"—Rochester Union.

A Telltale Touch.

"Is it true that sightless people can tell the color of things by touch?" some one asked a blind man.

"Occasionally, yes," came the answer. "If, for instance, I touched a redhot poker I could tell it was red."

Swift's Sarcasm.

"My brethren," said Dean Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of riches, of birth and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

She Got It.

He (time 11:30 p. m.)—And you will think of me when I am gone? She (suppressing a yawn)—I'll try to if you'll ever give me an opportunity.

The Fat Woman's Ring.

The woman showed a fat finger in whose folds of flesh was imbedded a plain gold ring.

"How much will you let me have on this ring?" she said to the pawnbroker.

"I can't tell until you take it off so I can weigh it," he said.

She tugged at the ring. It wouldn't come off.

"Can't you get it off for me?" she asked.

The pawnbroker threaded a needle with strong linen thread, soaped the needle and slipped it head first under the ring toward the hand. Then he wound the long end of the thread tightly and evenly around the finger almost to the nail. That done, he took the needle and unwound the thread from the base of the finger out, and as he unwound the ring slipped off. He weighed the ring.

"Two dollars," he said.

"That won't do me any good," said the woman. "I can get $3 any place else."

He returned the ring.

"She didn't really want to pawn it," he said. "She just wanted somebody to take the ring off. A jeweler would have done it the same way, but he would have charged something."—New York Sun.

Mythical Creatures of Japan.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among them are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes, such as a tiger which is said to live to be a thousand years old and to turn as white as a polar bear. They also believe in a multitude of animals distinguished mainly by their size or by the multiplication of their members. Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant, foxes with eight legs, monkeys with four ears, fishes with ten heads attached to one body, the flesh of which is a cure for boils. They also believe in the existence of a crane which, after it has reached the age of 1000 years, has no need of any sustenance except water.

Blamed the Last One.

A man who from all appearances had dined well, but not wisely, bought a ticket at the door of a theater where a farce was to be produced in German. The man settled comfortably back in his seat and looked at the pretty stage setting and evidently prepared to enjoy an evening of pleasant diversion. After a time he began to look worried and leaned forward in his seat.

"Strangest thing ever happened," he muttered.

A few minutes later he left the theater. At the door the ticket taker offered him a return.

"Nope; don't want it," he said as he brushed it aside. "Guess that last drink went to my head. Can't understand a blamed thing them people a-sayin'. I'm goin' home to bed."—Philadelphia Times.

Extravagant Mourning.

Pepys' diary has this on the mourning customs of the time: On Sept. 22, 1660, when there was mourning for King Charles' brother, the Duke of Gloucester, he "bought a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning." Next day "came one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in." The problem of mourning for men must have been greater than it is now in those days, when ordinary masculine costume was less somber. On this occasion Pepys records seeing "the king in purple mourning for his brother." There is one mourning extravagance of the early eighteenth century which would scarcely commend itself—the soles of the shoes used to be blacked.—St. James' Gazette.

The Two Occasions.

At a Scotch temperance meeting an old man, scarcely celebrated for his sobriety, arose and after addressing the audience upon the desirability of moderation in all things, remarked:

"My friends, there's just twa occasions when I tak' whisky."

There was a chorus of "Ahs!" in the audience, when he continued, "I only tak' whisky when I hae baggis for dinner, and the only other occasion when I tak' whisky is when I hae no baggis for dinner."

Suspicious.

It was down in the market district.

"What this country needs is plenty of bone and sinew," said the tall one.

"Yes, and plenty of grit and sand," echoed the short one. "By the way, what business are you in?"

"Oh, I'm a butcher. And you?"

"Wh—er—I distribute strawberries when they arrive from the southern markets."—Chicago News.

The Human Mind.

Slow to forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow in the summit, swift down the other slope. It is the way of nature and the way of the human mind.—Anthony Hope.

Precocious in Spots.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother? Mother—Of course, Bobby. Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.—Detroit Free Press.

The Unknown Great.

"My tooth hurts like Sam Hill!"

"Who the Dickens is Sam Hill?"

"Well, who in Sam Hill is Dickens?"—Toledo Blade.

Be neither ignorant nor careless with respect to the future.—Vergil.

The Substitute

A Man Plays the Part of Another Who Cannot Appear.

By GEORGE L. BYINGTON.

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One morning after guard mounting the commandant's orderly came to my quarters and said that Mrs. Commandant (alias Mrs. Colonel) Seymour would like to see me. I obeyed what I considered an order and betook myself to the most pretentious house in the garrison, where the lady lived.

"Mr. Boynton," she said, "my nephew, Alf Rogers, is in a lot of trouble. At the supper table after the hop the other night he drank too much wine—he's just out of West Point, you know, and has no practice at winebibbing—insulted Major Whipple and is now under arrest. I have invited Lucia Edgerton, a girl in whom I am much interested, to visit me especially to meet Alf. To confess, I wish to make a match between the two. This stupid business of Alf's getting tipsy on two or three glasses of wine has spoiled everything.

"To tell a girl that the man I have been praising to her and have indicated I wanted her to marry is under arrest for drunkenness would be an irreparable blow to my matrimonial plan. I have thought out a scheme for a substitute. Would you mind personating Alf for a short time?"

"Anything to please you, Mrs. Seymour."

"I could tell Lucia that Alf had been ordered away on special duty, but I've thought it over and have concluded that such a subterfuge wouldn't be wise. I would rather post the officers and their families that you are to act as Alf, and as soon as he is restored to duty we can turn it off as a joke."

Our little post was so dull that not only I, but the officers and their families, were quite pleased with Mrs. Seymour's plan. We all enjoyed the prospect of feeding her protégée, watching her while we were doing so and observing her actions while receiving the attentions of the wrong man.

Miss Edgerton arrived, was welcomed by her hostess, and I was invited to dinner. It seemed queer to be addressed as Mr. Rogers, but it was very nice to be expected to make myself agreeable to one of the most winsome young girls I ever met. She was barely eighteen, innocent, unsophisticated and apparently a very easy person to perpetrate any fraud upon. It did not seem possible to me that the deception could be carried on very long, but I had no sooner made Miss Edgerton's acquaintance than I hoped it might be interminable.

While I found myself in one respect in clover, in another I was troubled. It was due to be dancing attendance on a girl intended for Rogers while he was languishing in his quarters, but the fact was ever present that the day would come when I must resign her to her rightful owner. I attended her at Sunday morning inspection, guard mounting and such ceremonials as were possible at a small post. I galloped by her side over hill and dale; I danced with her, sang duets with her—in short, did everything except make love to her, which under the circumstances would have been dishonorable.

Every one who came in contact with Miss Edgerton enjoyed immensely the innocent ruse that was being perpetrated upon her. They were all very punctilious in addressing me in her presence as Mr. Rogers. He was very popular, and there was not one person at the post who would for the world have balked the plan to hide the fact that he was under arrest for intoxication. I had expected Mrs. Seymour to find some way out of the matter within a few days, but she did not, and it went on. An order for the convening of a court martial to try the real Rogers for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman was daily expected, but did not arrive. However, there were few of us at the post, and every one became so used to palming me off as Lieutenant Rogers that it seemed the substitution might go on indefinitely.

One evening Miss Edgerton, who had been very shy, surprised me by intimating in a delicate though unmistakable way that she was cognizant of Mrs. Seymour's matchmaking scheme and showed disappointment at my not having evinced a tender interest in her. It was hard enough before for me to get on without making love, but after this it was impossible. I don't mean that I had fallen in love with Miss Edgerton. We soldiers, prone to extremes, are given as much to lovemaking as to fighting. It is, however, rather lovemaking than love, for we have a faculty for choosing sweethearts as often as we are transferred between stations. My lovemaking with Miss Edgerton was more like that we were used to practicing while at West Point during the summer encampment, when we met swarms of girl visitors, each one of whom would have considered the corps ungallant if she were permitted to go back home without having received at least one proposal.

But before being carried away I offered to Mrs. Seymour my resignation as Rogers' substitute, telling her that I refused further to act unless she and Rogers would exonerate me from an criminality should their matrimonial plans be interfered with. Mrs. Seymour took time to consider; then she agreed that under the circumstances I could not be blamed. I think she conferred with Rogers.

By this time the whole garrison had become absorbed in the game. This to one who knows anything about army life at a frontier post will not be astonishing. Day after day goes by with little to do and still less to talk about and often no amusement. Here was a case well calculated for both. It seemed to me that the especial pains every one took to perpetrate the fraud would defeat it. Too many people were going out of their way to call me Rogers, making all sorts of very thin excuses to do so, then often stuffing their handkerchiefs into their mouths to avoid exploding with laughter.

Miss Edgerton seemed oblivious to it all. But she was such a childlike little thing that no one had much fear of her suspecting any deception, and if she did suspect it there was no way of confirming it. Was not Rogers shut up in his quarters, not daring to show his face outside, both on account of military discipline and because he did not wish to spoil Mrs. Seymour's matrimonial plans for him?

Notwithstanding Miss Edgerton's innocence it struck me that she was a bit of a flirt. At any rate, it seemed to me at times that she was flirting with me. I suppose in such affairs there is more or less of a game going on between the parties interested. I mention this as some excuse for myself for entering upon a process calculated to win the heart of an innocent girl, especially when I was not sure that I was doing it for pastime.

One morning the mail brought an order from Washington to dismiss the charges against Lieutenant Rogers and release him from arrest. A bombshell thrown into the garrison could not have produced as much consternation. Mrs. Seymour was in a terrible quandary, having laid no plan for such a juncture. All the officers and officers' families, who had been calling me Rogers, began to think of the position they would occupy toward the girl they had conspired to fool.

As soon as Rogers appeared for duty he solved the problem. He was to be Lieutenant Boynton, and I was to remain Lieutenant Rogers. This satisfied Mrs. Seymour, who invited us both to dinner, and so great was the interest of the others in this complicated affair that before the dinner came off she invited all the officers and their wives. I was still supposed to be in especial attendance upon Miss Edgerton and took her in to dinner. The first words spoken by Rogers caused consternation.

"I say, Rogers," he said to me, "I congratulate you on your release from arrest. What did you want to make a beast of yourself for?"

As soon as I could regain my equanimity I turned upon him with feigned severity and said:

"What do you mean, sir, by thus accusing a brother officer?"

"I mean that Lieutenant Alfred Rogers at the last hop got tipsy on three glasses of champagne and a pony of brandy, called the major names and was arrested and confined to his quarters. Charges were preferred, and Lieutenant Rogers' father, being a senator, succeeded in having them dropped. Now, who is Lieutenant Rogers if he is not you? Are you in the army under an assumed name to hide some former disgrace?"

Up spoke Miss Edgerton. During this harangue she had drawn away from me as far as possible, regarding me with a singular expression. Then she turned to Mrs. Seymour.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

Mrs. Seymour was so agonized that she couldn't find either voice or words for reply. Miss Edgerton left her seat, went to her friend and put her arms about her. Then, standing by her, she said:

"The farce is ended. Let those laugh best who laugh last. Soon after my arrival here I saw at a window an officer whom I had met last summer at West Point and whose name I knew to be Alfred Rogers. We chatted, and he confessed that he was confined to his room under arrest for getting tipsy and being disrespectful to the major. I had no difficulty in getting out of him this scheme to substitute Lieutenant Boynton in his place. Since that time the real Lieutenant Rogers and I have been carrying on a clandestine correspondence."

During this revelation to those who had supposed themselves to have been deriving amusement at Miss Edgerton's expense, of how she and Rogers had outwitted the whole of us, there was an attentive audience. When she ceased speaking some smiled, others blushed, while a few looked irritated.

"My friends," said Rogers, "accept my heartfelt thanks for your kindness in shielding me from the consequences of my weak head for wine. And to you, Boynton, I am under especial obligations for personating a winebibber."

I rose, placed my hand on my heart and bowed.

Then Gaylord of my company spoke up:

"In every well constructed comedy there is a heart interest, the denouement of which is reserved for the third act. I trust we are not going to the left without this important part. Two Rogerses have been in the field, two leading gentlemen and but one leading lady. Which is the Rogers to carry off the prize?"

Remembering my position in this respect, I felt uneasy. Miss Edgerton blushed, Rogers appeared triumphant. He looked at Miss Edgerton, her eyes brimming with merriment, and asked:

"May I?"

Silence gives consent," he added, receiving no reply. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have to announce my engagement to Miss Edgerton."

Hearty congratulation followed, I being first congratulator.

SPORT IN ENGLAND.

A Pheasant Run Is Not a Branch of the Poultry Business.

"A Plain American in England," by Charles T. Whitefield, is a highly amusing diatribe on the gentle art of British entertainment. It appears in the American Magazine, and in the course of some descriptions of English customs the author relates the following incident, which happened at a pheasant run:

"A friend for whom I have a great admiration took me to see a pheasant run. The place looked just like a big chicken yard such as we have at home. There were hundreds of the birds feeding on scraps and grain thrown to them by the keeper. I had seen strings of these birds hanging up in the markets for sale at low prices, had bought their eggs in the swell restaurants at high prices, and I naturally supposed that this trade was conducted like any other branch of the poultry business. When you have been in England a short time you realize that you must approach the subject of trade or business with some delicacy, but I longed to know the modus operandi of poultry packing among the swells. I wondered if they could teach our Chicago stockyards anything. So I asked the keeper in my broadest English:

"'How do you collect and ship these birds?'

"'Collect 'em, sir?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'how do you kill them and get them to market?'

"'We don't kill 'em. We send in beaters and shoot 'em. It's great sport, sir!'

"That seemed to me a disgusting proposition—to beat a flock of tame, harmless pets to death and shoot them besides—and I remonstrate:

"'Why don't you simply wring their necks with a quick twist of the wrist, insuring a rapid and painless death, and then'—

"But my friend grasped me violently by the arm and drew me abruptly away. I felt badly about it, because this good and valuable host said it would be at least twenty years before he could look that gamekeeper in the face with tranquillity."

TOO GOOD A SHAVE.

It Lulled Budd to Sleep While the Price of Stocks Tumbled.

One of the anecdotes in Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock Exchange Board" is as follows:

While stocks were quite low during a spell in 1873 a discovery of ore was made in Ophir, the stock advancing in price. It was the policy of those in control of a Comstock mine to keep secret any improvement until they could secure for themselves a good quantity of the stock.

Budd heard of this Ophir discovery and bought some stock, and as the price advanced from $10 to $85 the profits on his purchases at low figures enabled him to buy more stocks. Being quite a plunger, he purchased in all 2,500 shares. As the stock still advanced to higher figures he sold about 1,500 shares, leaving him a balance of 1,000 shares when the stock reached $82, which would have given him quite a large profit if all were sold at that figure.

During the recess that day he determined to sell the remainder, which would give him quite a profit. The afternoon session was devoted to the calling of outside stocks, occupying half an hour, after which the members would call up, through the chairman, any of the Comstock shares. Budd, thinking he had time sufficient during that first half hour to get shaved, sat down in a barber's chair and, being quite flush, gave the barber $5, directing him to give him a good shave. It turned out to be too good a shave, as Budd went to sleep, and the barber, being well paid, devoted quite a time in making his customer appear respectable. Budd woke up, looked at his watch and made a rush for the board. He ascertained that Ophir had been called and had broken so badly that when his stock was sold he only obtained $40 a share for it.

He always claimed that that shave cost him just $40,000.

Getting Into a Life Buoy.

The average person in danger of drowning usually attempts to lift a life buoy over his head, with the result that he is immediately plunged deeper into the water. A good swimmer can do this with a sudden upward jerk, but with the nonswimmer it is almost an impossible feat. What he should do when he has seized the buoy is to place both hands, palms downward, on the buoy on the part nearest the body, pressing it downward and slightly away, when the farther part of the buoy will rise out of the water and actually fall over the head. The arms can then be put through easily, "and there you are."

Just the Same.

"Try one of these light biscuits," the bride suggested. "I thought they might be a welcome change from bread."

"Fine!" exclaimed the young husband. "Just like those we got at the bakery when I was living at home."

"That's where I got them," she said. —Buffalo Express.

A Softened Expression.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a 'euphemism?'"

"It is something, my son, that enables a man to say he is a free lance instead of admitting that he is out of a job."—Washington Star.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Eliot.

A FORCED MARRIAGE

Bred Complications That Were Long In Being Worked Out

By THERESA C. HOLT

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Nothing was known about Ralph Hayden, a young man who bought a small ranch in New Mexico, except that he was an Englishman. He was tall and well formed, with light hair and complexion and blue eyes. This, with a winning smile that uncovered white, regular teeth, made him in appearance very attractive. He had brought $2,000 with him from England, with which he purchased and stocked his ranch.

He had no sooner got settled than the neighboring ranchers called on him and invited him to their homes, but he accepted none of their invitations. This excited a good deal of talk among the women at the different ranch houses, all of whom were curious to know why the handsome Britisher would have nothing to do with them. The general verdict was that he considered himself too good for them. Nevertheless Hayden was half fellow well met with all the men and soon became popular alike with ranchers and cowboys.

One day Hayden set out to go to a neighboring ranch. He was walking across a field when a bull espied him and bore down on him from the rear, Hayden, unconscious of his danger, continued on leisurely. Suddenly he saw a horsewoman leap a fence and rush upon him, swinging a lasso as she rode. Not understanding the movement, he stood still, regarding her with wondering eyes. Coming near him, she threw her lasso, but not at him. Turning, he saw that she had thrown the loop around the horns of a bull. Drawing his revolver, he quickly killed the beast.

The next thing he did was to raise his hat in a courtly manner to the woman who had saved his life and offer his thanks. She was a girl about twenty years old. A coil of hair was falling under her sombrero, having been loosened by the jump she had made over the fence. Her costume was a jacket cut Mexican fashion and divided skirts of the same material.

"Had it not been for you," said Hayden, "I would probably now be either dead or dying. The bull would have taken me in the back and broken it. I shall esteem it a favor if you will name the way in which I may best show my gratitude."

"You are Mr. Hayden, I believe?"

"I am."

"Do you know what a woman loves best?"

"I do not."

"To get ahead of other women."

"Well?"

"Come and see me."

"You have a charming frankness. I shall certainly call upon you. You must be that Miss MacDonald of whom I have heard so much."

"I am Kate MacDonald. I bid you good morning."

Kate MacDonald was a feminine free lance. She could ride, shoot, hurl a lasso as well as any man in the neighborhood and had a way of looking out of a pair of honest eyes that invited confidence. She was tender hearted in the extreme. She called a spade a spade and had a sovereign contempt for people who said one thing and meant another.

Ralph Hayden called upon her at her father's ranch the same evening. When he arose to go she said to him:

"Tomorrow afternoon I shall expect you to ride with me. We will go past the principal ranches hereabout in order that the women may see us together. After that I shall resign all claims upon your attention."

"And I shall not be allowed to visit you again?"

"As often as you like, but not from any obligation to do so."

A month later one evening Ralph Hayden, after pacing the floor for an hour, swayed by conflicting emotions, went to Kate MacDonald's home, told her that he loved her so deeply that he could ruin himself for her and begged her to marry him.

"What do you mean by ruining yourself for me?" she asked.

"I am pledged to marry a girl in England."

Kate started. This was indeed a blow. Her sense of honor revolted at his deserting another for her.

"Does she love you very much?" she asked.

"I don't know. I suppose she loves me, though the marriage is to be under certain contingencies."

"What are they? No, don't tell me. Go away. I need time to think this over."

He obeyed the order. For several days there was no communication between them. Then he wrote her, recalling all he had said, closing with the words: "I was demented. There is but one path for me to follow, and only a fool and a knave would follow any other."

No answer came to this. One evening about a week later Kate MacDonald, attended by half a dozen cowboy friends and a parson, rode up to Ralph Hayden's ranch house. All dismounted and entered. One of the cowboys acted as spokesman:

"Anything Kate MacDonald wants goes. She's made up her mind to marry you. If you decline you run a gantlet and other such torture as Indians use. Here's a man to do the job." He pointed to the person.

"I'm not afraid of your torture," said Hayden, "but I'm ready to go through the ceremony."

Not a word was spoken by the contracting couple except to make the replies required by the marriage service. When it was over Kate MacDonald led the way out, and all mounted their horses and rode away.

The next day Hayden disappeared.

From this time forward Kate MacDonald, or Kate Hayden, was a changed woman. She no longer galloped over the country taking fences and ditches by the way. She never attended any of the social gatherings held among the neighboring ranchers. The only feature eminent before her marriage she retained was her tender solicitude for those who were in trouble. The Hayden ranch remained in care of a keeper, who offered it for sale. Nothing was heard of its owner. A year passed. By that time Kate Hayden had come to see her act in its true light and wrote a letter to her husband, telling him that if he wished to be free from her she could easily obtain a divorce on the ground of desertion. Not knowing where to send her letter, she asked the keeper of the Hayden ranch for her husband's address. He told her that he had been instructed to give it to no one, but he offered to forward the missive, and she accepted the offer.

Sufficient time elapsed for a letter to come from almost any part of the globe, but none was received. Months passed, and still no word. The young wife, wife in name only, became a broken down woman. It was not the equivocal position in which she stood before the world, but the fact that she loved the man she had treated in a manner which every day seemed to her more unmanly and barbarous. This, added to that dreadful silence, was killing her. She was not sure even that he lived. Her parents, her neighbors, endeavored in every way to draw her from her despondency. Her friends the cowboys gathered in groups to discuss the man whom they considered to blame for her condition and even debated the question of sending one of their number to find him wherever he might be and give him the chance of returning to his wife or swallowing a dose of lead.

But no such method of restoring her happiness, of course, ever reached the young wife's ears. She gradually sank till those about her began to shake their heads and predict that she would at last fall a victim to her unfortunate affair. The Hayden ranch was finally sold. The intelligence was kept from her as long as possible, fearing that this breaking the last link that bound her to her husband would have an increased effect upon her. But when the new owner took possession of the property it was impossible that she should be kept in ignorance any longer. As was feared, it destroyed her last hope.

One morning when the daily stage arrived at the relay house Ralph Hayden hurriedly alighted, ordered a horse and, mounting, galloped away. Half an hour later he was seen to ride into the MacDonald ranch house. The news spread over the neighborhood. The ranchers and the ranchers' families discussed the arrival and wondered what the next move would be. The cowboys convened in special meeting, and it was solemnly agreed that if the Britisher went away without his departure being satisfactory to his wife they would waylay him and force him to fight each one of them successively till all were killed or he bit the dust. Some of them fingered their revolvers nervously in anticipation.

It was not long, however, before very startling news was given out at the ranch house. Hayden had returned for the bride he had been forced to marry; he was not only Ralph Hayden, but Sir Ralph Hayden and heir to one of the fairest estates in England. Then all the women exclaimed at once:

"Goodness gracious! Kate Mac is Lady Hayden!"

The afternoon this news was circulated the cowboys agreed that they would go in a body to the MacDonald ranch house, learn of its truth, and if it were so give three cheers for Sir Ralph and Lady Hayden. Learning of their intention, many of the neighbors repaired there to see the fun. Lining up before the house, the boys began to call for their favorite. Presently she appeared, leaning on the arm of her husband, pale and thin, but with that same old smile on her lips which had made them her slaves. A yell arose and cries of "Tell us about it!" She pointed to her husband, who said:

"Boys, it was all a mistake. I made several, and our Kate made one. I let complications in England interfere with me and my wife's happiness; but, thank God, they are past, and we are all happy."

This brief speech was received by three cheers from the cowboys, assisted by the neighbors present. Then the assembly were invited into the house, and the bottle was passed.

After a few weeks' sojourn the couple left for England, leaving the following explanation:

An English girl with a large estate had agreed to marry Ralph Hayden, a younger son of Sir George Hayden. If within a given time he should, through the death of an invalid brother, inherit the title. After his American marriage Ralph Hayden had returned to England and found the girl he had been engaged to marry conditionally had fallen in love with another man, whom she was about to wed. The returned ranchman smarted a long while under the marriage into which he had been forced. Meanwhile his brother lingered in bad health and finally died. Then the new incumbent sailed for American to bring back his wife.

HIS AUNTIE JULIA.

She Is Really a Wonderful Woman In Her Own Way.

A GREAT HAND WITH YARBS.

She Can Brew Them Into a Medicine That Hits the Spot Every Time and Is Better Than a Doctor's Visit. How She Made Old Pulsifer Jump.

"My Aunt Julia is really a wonderful woman," exclaimed the low browed man, placing his feet on the manager's desk. "She hasn't any diplomas from medical colleges, but when it comes to curing a sick man she can give the ordinary doctor a start of ten years and beat him around a block. Aunt Julia has firm faith in yarbs"—

"You mean herbs," interrupted the professor.

"I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean yarbs. You go over to Aunt Julia and mention yarbs, and her eyes will brighten up and she'll ask you to sit down and eat a piece of pie, but if you began talking about herbs she'd paste you, one with her trusty saucepan and knock off a corner of your scalp. Aunt Julia is pretty touchy about some things.

"One day old Mrs. Doolittle blew into the house to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Julia happened to say that something happened in Aprile. Mrs. Doolittle thinks she knows more than Webster's unadulterated dictionary because she taught school about 150 years ago, when she was a young woman, and she called my aunt down and said that there was no such word as Aprile.

"'You mean April, my dear,' says she.

"'I don't mean any such doggone thing,' says my aunt, 'I mean Aprile, and if you don't like it, Mrs. Doolittle, you can jump it, and be blamed to you.'

"Well, they fanned away for five minutes or so, and their language began to make the shingles fall off the roof, and I was thinking of sending in a hurry call for the cops, when Mrs. Doolittle left the house by way of the window and jumped three fences without touching them in her haste to get home. A lot of saucepans and other household utensils whizzed past her ears and seemed to stimulate her.

"That's the sort of woman Aunt Julia is. Now, if you want to go over and talk to her about herbs I won't interfere.

"If there's anything my aunt delights in it is doctoring people. She hasn't a bit of use for drug store medicines. She brews her own remedies, and she doesn't think anything will help a sick person unless it tastes like the royal palace of Abyssinia. A dose of her colic medicine will make a man's insides feel as though he had swallowed a porcupine.

"I had the colic last summer, and the medicine she made for me had smoke on it. I can taste it yet. Sometimes I dream that Aunt Julia is handing me a spoonful of her colic medicine, and then I always wake with a yell. She is an old fashioned woman. She gathers her yarbs at certain stages of the moon, and when she is brewing her medicines she mutters incantations and makes passes with her hands and does a lot of tricks that make your blood run cold. But her remedies hit the spot.

"Old man Pulsifer, you know, was a hopeless invalid for a year. He sat in a wheeled chair, and his wife fed him with the fire shovel, and all the members of the family were kept so busy waiting on him that they hadn't time to wind the clock or prime the pump. He said he had paralysis of the worst kind, and everybody believed him. Aunt Julia went over there one day and looked at the old man's tongue and poked him in the ribs and tapped him with a tuning fork and said she could cure him up so quick it would make his head swim.

"'If you can cure that man so he'll be of some use in the world,' said Mrs. Pusifer, 'I'll give you the silk crazy quilt my grandmother gave me when she was dying.'

"Aunt Julia gathered a lot of yarbs at the dark of the moon in the southeast corner of a graveyard and stewed them over a slow fire, and the broth she made from them would have warped the armor plate of a battleship. I knew by the smell of it that it was the real stingo, and you can't imagine how glad I was that I didn't have to take it. When she went over to dope old Pulsifer she insisted on my going along to help hold him down.

"The old man didn't want to take it. Anybody could see that. He got a smell of the stuff when Aunt Julia took the cork from the bottle, and a pale green sweat broke out on his brow. But I seized him by the top of his head and pulled his mouth open, and my aunt poured down about forty kilometers of her redhot dope, and when it had sizzled into his stomach he let out one warwhoop and streaked out of doors like a professional Marathon runner. When we found him a couple of hours later he was standing in the creek, which was full of ice water, trying to get his vitals cooled off.

"I defy any regular practitioner to make a quicker cure than that."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

Easily Said.

"Some of these tongue twisters are really very hard to enunciate—for instance, 'the sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.'"

"That 'th eathily thaid,' lithpingly thimilled Miith Elithabeth. 'You thimply thay it tho: 'The thea theatheth and it thuffitheth uth!'"—Life.

The Price of Eloquence.

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the vestal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned."

"Thirty cents," said a red nosed man in the front row.

"It's yours!" cried the auctioneer cheerfully. "What next?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A South Arabian Food Plant.

Jowari, a tall, slender plant resembling corn and headed with a grain something like millet, is the Abdali's chief crop. He feeds the stalk to his camels and eats the grain himself. Three crops a year are produced. Jowari requires little cultivation except weeding, which the Abdali does by hand, and when ripe he cuts it off close to the ground with his hunting knife. New shoots spring up from the roots to become the next crop. For a camel load of about 125 pounds he receives at Aden an average of two rupees, or $61.88. A fair yearly yield is twenty camel loads an acre.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Fairly Warned.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success.

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But it's not the children — it's your head

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